

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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At Hand!

When frenzied condemnation attacks the British nation
In articles combative, that from time to time appear
In foreign papers leaning to patriotic screaming,
Calculated rashly to fill John Bull with fear,
Then he never looks behind him, you know just where to find him,
"Onward, ever onward," is the motto of the land—
And he's working very steady, but yet he's always ready
With his Army and his Navy and his Volunteers at hand.
There's Emp'or William cranky, and Uncle Sam so lanky,
Rejoicing in the pleasure of a little joke on John,
But their explosive cracker really doesn't matter,
He knows with all their boasting they're not so very strong.
Tho' never really shrinking, J. B.'s so busy working
That he hasn't time to notice this aggressive little band.
But we know he's always steady, and ever up and ready
With his Army and his Navy and his Volunteers at hand.
So here's to his great nation, in all its isolation,
To Canada progressive—his leading colony—
Whose sons are ever willing, their proper places filling,
To keep the British standard a-floating brave and free.
So then the people writing up the chance of England fighting
Had better be more careful, ere their idle fire is fanned,
With his Army and his Navy and his Volunteers at hand.
Brantford, Aug., '97.

W. HASTINGS WEBLING.

Around Town.

Detective Murray is posing, as usual, at Galt, and as usual the reporters of the Toronto press are acting as his advertising agents. But at last the detective and his understudies of the press have come in contact with a coroner and a local police officer who are not willing to be quietly exterminated to add a trifling to Inspector Murray's reputation. Those newspaper men who have no favors to ask of murderers and detectives, have for a long time been highly amused to read of Inspector Murray's "shrewdness," his "keen insight," how he "weaves a web around the suspect," pieces out the evidence "bit by bit." No doubt all these things are true. Murray is shrewd, he is keen, he is experienced. But he is a veritable Pink Pill in his love of advertising. The reporters hesitate at no degree of flattery. He will be pleased, and so they boom him in and out of season; picture him as the greatest Old Sleuth on earth, and (in print) show the greatest possible deference to his opinions. In reality some of the reporters can lead any detective through a maze of tangled clues, and they know it.

The Galt authorities had arrested Allison and Trevelyan before Detective Murray appeared on the scene. He reached Galt at 6:20 one evening and sat down to supper, and, while he ate his meal, expressed to one or more of the Toronto reporters his opinion of the Galt police. They had made a "big mistake" in arresting the two young men. He is reported to have said:

It was a huge mistake and a frightful bungle to place these men in custody. The police acted like blockheads to do such a thing. If they are exonerated by the coroner's jury, it means that the municipality must pay heavy damages for their confinement.

In reply to the suggestion that the municipality would have to pay heavy damages in certain contingencies, the Galt *Reformer* quotes the criminal code, chap. 29, sec. 25, as follows:

If any offence for which the offender may be arrested without warrant has been committed, any one who, on reasonable and probable grounds, believes that any person is guilty of that offence, is justified in arresting him without warrant, whether such person is guilty or not.

This would seem to conflict with Murray's profound knowledge of law. What were the facts? Allison was implicated by circumstantial evidence; Trevelyan was picked out at once by the husband of the victim as the guilty party. Had either one of these persons been allowed to escape, there would have been a charge of "bungling." If they had been allowed to run at large the guilty one (if either is guilty) would have had a chance to escape, and no purpose would have been served but to enable the officers to lay traps for the accused persons. It seems to amount to this, that Detective Murray reaching Galt and finding the whole town agog with anxiety to gaze upon the great and only Old Sleuth, was carried away by a too ardent contemplation of himself and spoke indiscretely. The reporters made themselves solid by wiring to their papers the remarks let fall by the Great One while he munched his toast and wrestled with his chop.

And what happened next? Harry Blair was at once pulled into the case, and it certainly seemed that the Galt police had bungled even in arresting Allison. For two or three days the reporters dished up Blair to the world—his derelictions, his comings and goings, and as a final triumph his letter. Once the letter was published, the man was exonerated in the despatches. "The fact cannot be denied that he did not leave town until after 10:30," or words to that effect. "Inspector Murray has put so little faith in the Blair theory that he has not even interviewed him as yet." Why was Blair drawn into it at all then? Can it be

possible that the reporters did it merely to lend color to the charge that the Galt police had blundered? Or did the reporters do it merely to get an excuse for publishing that letter? In the vernacular of Galt, you "cannot fool us for a cent." Perhaps if Allison had been allowed to run around loose until Inspector Murray could have had the credit of making the arrest, the blunder of arresting Trevelyan would have called forth no censure.

When Clara Ford was taken to police headquarters in Toronto and subjected to a severe cross-examination by the detectives, there was a great outcry against the irregularity of the proceeding, and the police defended themselves by explaining

that the girl was not placed under arrest until after that interview. But the proceeding was deemed so improper by the jury that those twelve men ignored the detailed "confession" made by the girl under the circumstances and sworn to by so good an officer as Detective Reburn, and acquitted the prisoner. As I have said, the only excuse the police offered was that the "actual arrest" did not occur until the interview had closed. Thus the point was evaded in a sort of way in the Clara Ford case, but no such excuse can be offered in regard to Allison.

Without resorting to trick after trick, without worrying and badgering, intimidating and distressing the boy into such a condition of mind and body that he would admit anything required of him, how could Detective Murray possibly employ himself for five hours in a "sweat-box" with Allison? What conversation, along fair and permissible lines, could last so long? Whether Allison is innocent or guilty, it is to be hoped that the boy's lawyer will succeed in making out a case against the detective.

Tourists returning from Muskoka are mak-

ing the statement that the destruction of black bass is going forward this year even on a bigger scale than usual. Fish by the thousands are caught and left to rot on the banks of the little lakes. The chief offenders are tourists from the United States, although many good sportsmen from across the lines are in Muskoka and are as ready as any others to condemn the sport-destroyers who greedily fish all day and waste what they catch. But as I have said, the chief offenders are from the United States, a country that only passed adequate fishery laws after its lakes and rivers had been almost entirely depleted by the same practice of slaughtering game fish as is in vogue among these tourists in nearly all our waters from Lake Scugog to Parry Sound. A friend of mine tells me that he met two young men from Pittsburgh who told of a trip they had just taken down the Severn River, accompanied by a third person, and they said that they had an average catch of fifty pickerel daily, and when questioned as to what they did with the fish they explained that they ate what they could and threw the others away. I am told also that a large party of Ohioans were taken from Port Cockburn over a difficult portage across country to a small lake for a day's fishing. It was a good spot, rather difficult to reach, and so it teemed with black bass, and the sportsmen fished all day. In the evening, when the scattered canoes were brought together, it was found that the party altogether had caught over three hundred pounds of bass. The fish were arranged neatly, the sportsmen grouped themselves vaingloriously, and fish and fishers

were photographed. This done, the tourists decided that they could not carry the fish over the portage, and as the guides each had a canoe the party started for home, leaving over three hundred pounds of the gamiest and best food fishes in the world to rot on the unfrequented banks of that little lake.

The guides realize what is happening. They have seen the slaughterers at work day after day, week after week for years on Rosseau and Joseph lakes, until now bass are scarce there and people have to go out of the way for good fishing. But what can a guide do? Unless he will take his patrons to a place where they can haul fish out with both hands and make as fine a showing in a photograph as did some rival crowd, then he gets a black mark and other guides are preferred. To maintain his reputation and gain a livelihood, he is compelled to assist in the work of exterminating black bass, although his good sense rebels against it. I know as well as anybody how hard it is to quit fishing when you have caught the half-dozen that are really needed in the camp or cottage, but I know, too, that the real sportsman when he finds himself cut off from civilization, unable to make use of one hundred fish, yet surrounded by shoals of them, will at once set himself the task of avoiding rather than capturing the average fish. He uses all his skill to elude the bass of two pounds and under, and tries for five or six-pounders. He makes it a test of craft to do this.

The hotel-keepers in Muskoka should get some nice bass made out of basswood for use in photographs. They could be of all sizes and, by re-arrangement, would look like different fish in each picture. There was a time when the fisherman lied about his catch, but now he produces a photograph, and perhaps it would have

valuable, and the action of Great Britain may ultimately prove more of a courtesy to us than a sacrifice of any real advantages in Europe, but the important thing is that Canada meddled in her mother's business, not only without rebuke, but with instant encouragement. It is conceded now that the daughter is mature enough to have a voice in the serious affairs of the family.

This sentimental gain may bring new worries upon us. If so, we must cope with them.

The very persistence with which two or three of the leading United States newspapers are combating the views of those numberless other papers that seem determined to inflame the adventurers who go to the Klondike with a spirit of insurrection proves the seriousness of the moment. As I said last week, the likelihood of a conflict away up on the edge of the Arctic circle is not brought about by any definitely hostile intention on the part of the Government at Washington, but it would be pure idiocy on the part of Canada to ignore the imminence of trouble because of that. There are influences and interests in the United States that are quite as strong as the Senate and Congress, and there is no reason to suppose that the interests that would have profited by war over Venezuela, or Cuba, or Hawaii, see less profit in a war over the Klondike. But the influences that made for war in Venezuela and Cuba had too much to contend with; so much was involved that it was hard to kindle the torch. In regard to the Klondike, however, there are no such obstacles—it is a mere matter of sending up a score of men into a new country to stir up a spirit of resistance to Canadian authority while it is being imperfectly established. Twenty, or even ten, men can set the guns crackling throughout the mining camps of the Yukon, for around a few potters (once an overt act of resistance and spread-eagleism is committed) the mining adventurers would promptly rally, and the whole continent would soon be afire with passion. The issue, peace or war, does not rest with the people of the United States and the people of Canada, nor with the Governments of the two countries, but the situation is entirely at the mercy of miscreants who may choose to improve the price of blankets, canned goods, boots and ammunition by sending out a few adventurers to provoke strife where strife might even come unprovoked.

As to Canada's attitude, the *Toronto Telegram* a few days ago had a very sensible editorial in which it was argued that this country has all along fostered the idea which is entertained at Washington, that Canada exists almost entirely because of certain favors granted her by the United States. The *Telegram* thinks that the sooner there comes a bitter retaliation between the two countries, in which every injury is inflicted that the Government of one country can inflict upon the people of the other, the better for both, because thereby the great benefits of good-neighboringly relations will come to be understood by both nations. The opinion prevalent in the United States that Canada is a wilderness has been expressed in different words, but it is expressed every day in the year, and last week I clipped the following from the *Toledo Journal*:

While she possesses great stretches of territory it is, for the most part, bleak, sterile, inhospitable land that can in the best of cases be a mere habitation from wrestling with the reluctant soil. Her winters are long and severe; she is beleaguered along her northern frontier by the frosts and ice of a long and unbearable season, wherein man degenerates into a sickly and feeble condition, and whose life is little better than a living hell. The United States permit her railroads to pierce our territory and to gather in some of the grapes and honey common to us, the people of that vast and dismal territory manage to exist. Left to themselves, or driven across to the United States, Canada would shortly become one howling wilderness from the banks of the Saskatchewan to those of the Saguenay, barring that limited section which lies along lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario.

A thousand other daily papers throughout the republic describe Canada in the same way, and it is not unnatural that, whenever this country offends a Yankee, he should threaten to close the gates and leave us to starve outside. A trade war, bitter, injurious, destructive, devastating, stubbornly maintained, would be a sure, and will be the only, remedy for the evil feeling that prevents the two nations from doing business on a fair and secure business basis.

At school a boy can never establish comfortable relations with a bully by knuckling down to him, for the humbler he is the more cuffs he gets. His only course is to work up his muscle and, selecting a favorable opportunity, make the very best fight he knows how, and, although he may get the worst of it, he will find that the bully will thereafter prefer to cuff some boy who will not resist at all. Canada has obliquely thanked Uncle Sam for a great many



A REPROBATE ON TRIAL.

blows; she has smiled idiotically and professed to think that it was only his playful manner and his eccentric habits that made her ears tingle. But he has grown altogether too rough in his play, and it is about time to give him a punch to see what he is made of. Even if the trade war cost us a few millions of dollars, things would settle down permanently afterwards, and the fact that we are doing a legitimate and important business on half of this continent would never again be disputed. Dollar for dollar, such a trade war would injure the republic more than it would the Dominion.

Editors of newspapers and men engaged in other lines of business are greatly worried by people who write long letters where short ones would do quite as well. The business man who finds fifty letters on his desk when he reaches his office in the morning, usually opens the very thin ones first. About thirty of the letters are needlessly wordy—three or four sheets being used where one would have answered the purpose—and while one such correspondent may not encroach much upon a busy man's time, yet when a bundle of such letters arrive together they constitute an outrage. This is a crying evil, and in order to promote a reform, if possible, I beg leave to submit, as a model of brevity and directness, a letter sent me by a reader who, as far as I can judge, rather disapproves of some statements made by me in reference to the mining regulations that were sought to be enforced in California about fifty years ago. My correspondent made a clipping from my article of two weeks ago and enclosed it with the following letter:

10-8-97.

The Writer of the article enclosed Lies,
TREBOUR REVILY,
Homewood avenue.

That communication has the directness of a rifle-ball. It wasted neither the time of the gentleman who wrote it, nor of the one who received it. The reader will observe that "10" means the tenth day of the month, "8" the eighth month, and "97" the present year. The concise phraseology of the remainder of the epistle makes it unnecessary to publish a key to it. Brief as the letter is, it suffices. If the writer of it had dawdled over two pages of foolscap he could not have expressed himself more clearly, and as it is there can arise no misapprehension between Mr. Revilo and myself. Had his letter been long and argumentative I might have argued with him, and so the discussion would have been endless, and, like most disputes, profitless. Had he attempted to prove that my statements were false he might have failed in the effort, but by making his letter a model of brevity he eased his feelings to the full and ensured its publication. This last consideration should command brevity to Pro Bono Publico and the others who beset the press with valuable opinions. Mr. Revilo has relieved the situation. He has shown correspondents how to write. Hail to Mr. Revilo!

But this gentleman should not rest content now that he has mastered the art of correct letter-writing. He should aim to be as correct in the matter as in the manner of his epistolary efforts, for it is too bad that one gifted with a singular neatness of expression cannot write a note containing only seven words without revealing a lack of information on the subject of his essay.

MACK.

Society at the Capital.

The beginning of this week a large number of scientists and their wives and daughters visited this city; in fact, the hotels have been crowded. Many of them intended going straight on to Toronto, but were persuaded to stop here en route by Prof. Robertson, who came over on the same steamer, the Parisian, which arrived last Saturday. Among the visitors was Lord Lister, who is accompanied on his Canadian tour by Hon. A. Lister and the Misses Lister. Mr. Walter Scott of Hamlin, Scotland, (a nephew of Lord Aberdeen) and his wife, also paid the Capital a few days' visit.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen arrived in town on Monday evening, and after spending Tuesday at Rideau Hall left for Toronto.

Miss Beatrice Ritchie, eldest daughter of Lady Ritchie, has returned to town after visiting Mrs. Chamberlin at her charming country house at Parry Sound. Miss Ritchie, after spending a few days at home, leaves for Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Gwynn, who, with the judge, their daughter, and Mrs. and Miss Crombie, is spending the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Magee and Miss Florence Magee, who have been staying at the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer, have left for the Ottawa House, Cushing Island.

Mr. George Brown, manager of the Bank of Commerce, left this week for St. Andrew's, N.B., where he will spend the next few weeks visiting friends.

Capt. Street, G. G. F. G., and Mrs. Street left this week for Kingsmere, where they will spend the remainder of the summer in the bracing Gatineau air.

Lady Strong, wife of Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of Canada, and her niece, Miss Lyon of Toronto, have taken up their quarters at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer, till Sir Henry Strong returns about August 25.

Hon. Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, and Mrs. Sifton left on Friday for the Adirondacks, where they will enjoy a brief stay. Owing to press of business Mr. Sifton was not able to get away before, with the exception of a trip to Brockville and the Thousand Islands.

Capt. Forrester, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, was in town last week on business with the Militia Department.

Mr. E. Burritt is among the many guests at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer.

Mr. George Johnston gave a *recherche* little dinner at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer, on Saturday evening last. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, the Misses Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, Miss White, Mr. White, Miss Taylor, Mr. Mervyn Taylor.

Mr. W. H. Holland of Toronto, who was in town for a few days the guest of Lieut.-Col.



"Come, young man, don't talk that way; how many times have I told you there's no such word as 'can't'?"
"There was when you were trying to ride that bike."

and Mrs. Anderson of Cooper street, left for home on Monday.

Miss Cockburn of Toronto, who has been visiting Mrs. Alex. MacLean of Bank street, left for home on Monday last.

Lady Muriel Hamilton, youngest daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton of London, England, and her aunt, Hon. Mrs. Gainsford, are touring through Canada prior to a visit to the chief points of interest in the United States.

Miss Derbyshire of Nepean street left this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, Walmer House, Bowery Beach, Maine.

Mr. W. L. Scott, Master-in-Chancery, left this week for Cushing Island, where he will spend the remainder of the summer at the Ottawa House.

Dr. and Mrs. MacCabe returned this week from a two months' visiting tour through the Maritime Provinces.

The Misses Strathy of Toronto, who have been on a visit to their brother, Mr. F. Strathy of the Union Bank at the Victoria Hotel, Aylmer, returned home this week.

Mr. L. K. Jones of the Department of Railways and Canals is spending his holidays at Fernbank on the St. Lawrence.

Miss Lily Scott, daughter of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, returned on Thursday from New Brunswick, where she has been visiting Miss Blair, daughter of the Minister of Railways and Canals.

Miss Flossie Taylor of the New York Hospital is spending her holidays with Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor of Metcalfe street. On Friday evening a small card party was given in her honor, about twelve being asked.

Miss Moore of the Lady Stanley Institute leaves next week for Europe. Miss Moore will spend about three months on the Continent.

Hon. Henry Aylmer, second son of Baron Aylmer of Richmond, Quebec, was in town for a few days this week on business with the Interior Department. While in town Mr. Aylmer was the guest of his brother colonel, Hon. M. Aylmer.

Mr. John Francis Watters, M.A., leaves next week for Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, where he will lecture before the Catholic Summer School.

Dr. and Mrs. Ami returned to Ottawa the end of last week, having spent the last two months in the Lower Provinces, where Dr. Ami has been hard at work. Dr. and Mrs. Ami returned earlier than usual in order to meet the members of the Royal Society now in Canada.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott spent this week at the American Canoe Association meet at Gananoque.

Ottawa, August 18, 1897.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday evening Massey Music Hall held its most distinguished gathering. The first meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science gathered there. All around the front of the two galleries hung the gaily bordered banners of the past presidents. One each of those stately emblems (an ordinary flag would be too frivolous) one saw a noted name, place and date of meeting, and the coat-of-arms of the president. It looked as if the Heralds College had been let loose in the hall.

On the platform many of the most distinguished members sat. Their Excellencies the Governor-

General and his wife were there, and Mayor Shaw, who looked as scientific as any of them I heard someone say. The Countess of Aberdeen was dressed in old rose and black lace, and put the dash of color in the stage picture which naturally was in the prosaic black and white. Sir John Evans, the new president, has a fine, scholarly way of speaking, and gave his very interesting address. Lord Kelvin, with all his learning and ability, still keeps and uses an accent dear to many a heart. The Governor-General's address was listened to very attentively; his advertisement story I thought exceptionally good. Among the audience many well known faces were to be seen, and this first meeting from all standpoints was a success. Chatting and laughing like a giddy boy with Lady Aberdeen, I noticed Sir Oliver Mowat. This was after the meeting of course, which wound up with the National Anthem in rather a low key, but the men were all the more able to take the high note at the end.

The conferring of degrees upon some half-dozen or more of the more eminent members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science takes place next Tuesday at Trinity College. This reminds me of the last time I witnessed such a ceremony, also at Trinity College, but it was the College of Burke, Sheridan and Goldsmith, the dear old Dublin University, of which the jolliest and most popular guests of this week are representatives; and among those who walked shoulder to shoulder under the old entrance archway, while we cheered them to the echo, were Lord Leighton, Lord Dufferin, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir Henry Irving, a quartette representing what is best and most charming in their various chosen pursuits.

The scientists have reversed the proverb that "fine feathers make fine birds," for many of

arranging of dinner parties; trying small *contretemps* have occurred, such as dinners for guests who failed to reach the city in time, and misunderstanding of plans, whereby the approach to the grand station was blocked in vain by some smart equipage and disgusted coachman, waiting to realize that someone had blundered.

The Provost and Mrs. Welch returned last week from a summer spent in England.

Miss Elsie Mathieson of Montreal spent a few days with Miss Mabel Best of Markham street this week.

Miss Mabel Best of Markham street supplied Miss Martin's place at the organ of Dundas street Methodist church in a very able and efficient manner during Miss Martin's absence on her holidays in Muskoka.

Miss Mary Mara, who has been in Leipzig during the last two years and a half, (how time flies!), is expected home on Monday.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has returned from a four months' trip to England, France and the Channel Islands.

Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson returned from their summer residence at Sturgeon Lake on Wednesday.

Mrs. Alfred T. Smith, wife of Colonel Smith of the 13th U. S. Infantry, is spending a few days with Mrs. Alfred Denison.

Mr. Webster of the Bank of Montreal, probably the best known teller in the city, is away at present on a holiday.

Fine old Varsity never looked more beautiful than now. All the approaches to it and surroundings have been particularly looked after lately; ugly fences have been removed and bare patches of ground have been covered with a green sod worthy of Ireland. The University authorities have also done themselves credit in the arrangements for the help of the British Association. Within those halls of learning is a telegraph office, a postoffice, writing-rooms, and in one hall information very varied and very minute is given, for here they tell you the price of a trip to the Klondike as well as to the Island (called Hiawatha in the official programme); what society will do any or every night, and what papers scientific will be read. Verbal information in abundance and no end of printed matter is here to be had for the asking. The book descriptive of Bristol, where the next meeting is to be held, is worthy of special mention.

Miss Platts of 511 Sherbourne street gave an informal matinee there Thursday afternoon for Mrs. Petheran of Texas and Mrs. Leeson of Berlin. A very enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Stidson of St. John's, Newfoundland, delegate to the Empress League recently held in this city, and who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Forward, left on Friday last for Halifax to take passage in the steamer *Ulanda* for St. John's.

Rev. M. Fenwick, governor of the Methodist College, St. John's, Newfoundland, and Mrs. Fenwick, after visiting friends in London and Hamilton, left on Friday last for Montreal to take passage in the steamer *Bonavista* for St. John's.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at Holy Trinity church on Wednesday of last week, when Mr. Arthur Fred Nicoll of the Western Assurance Company and Miss Emily Maud Richardson, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Richardson, were married. The rector of Holy Trinity, Rev. John Pearson, was the officiating clergyman. Mr. John A. Morton was best man and Miss Hardy, a fair visitor in Toronto, was bridesmaid. The bride wore a dainty traveling-dress of gray, and large white hat with *brides* of chifon knotted under the chin. Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll went to Buffalo and New York for their honeymoon, and are to reside at 259 Wellesley street, where Mrs. Nicoll will receive next month, on what days will be announced later.

Premier and Mrs. Hardy gave a dinner party last evening in honor of their guests and other members of the British Association.

The concert given by Signor Delasco, Monsieur Mercier, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Ronan on Wednesday evening in the Aquatic Hall, Centre Island, was a veritable triumph over one of the most florid evenings, in the way of rain and storm, which ever hoodooed a generous concert company. The audience was most enthusiastic and encored to the echo the various artists. The instigators of the kindly effort had the satisfaction of handing about seven dollars to the poor old pop-and-peanut man whose disaster moved their pity and inspired the idea of the benefit concert.

Open house has been the rule at all the homes where the British Scientists have been entertained. At the Grange, dinners, luncheons and the garden party on Monday next have made a constant round. On Thursday evening Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crookes and their party of scientific guests dined with Principal and Mrs. Loudon. At the garden party of the Grange the band of the 48th Highlanders will play.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler gave a garden party at Craigleigh yesterday in honor of their guests and other members of the British Association.

On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker gave a dinner party in honor of some members of the British Association. Covers were laid for sixteen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening at The Dale, Rosedale.

Mrs. Thomas Hodgins and Miss Augusta Hodgins are expected home to-morrow, after a summer in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a most charming reception last evening at Yeadon Hall in honor of the British Scientists, of which I shall give an account next week.

Seldom in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" have modish card-racks made such a brave showing of square pasteboards in August, that most somnolent month of all the twelve, so far as city social life is concerned, as they do this week. First and biggest is the Aberdeen "bid" to the reception of Thursday evening last, with its wealth of pasteboard and its gold crown and coat of arms; then the natty little Hunt Club invitation, with its fox's head and brushes crossed; the Yacht Club card, with its "Blue Peter" flying, and the various dinner, tea and garden party cards; the evening receptions and the few luncheons have filled up a phenomenally busy week. Society women have had their heads aching between considering the disposal of garbage and the

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August 21, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

A lovely wedding was that of Mr. Edward Faulds of Toronto and Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Milliken, which was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father, Glenholme, Markham, on Wednesday afternoon, August 4, at five o'clock. The service was choral; the wedding hymns, "The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden, and O Fair, O Sweet, O Holy," were exquisitely sung by Miss Mabel Deger and Mr. Adam Dockray of Toronto. Mr. V. P. Hunt played the wedding marches with his accustomed masterly rendition. The wedding procession, comprising the ushers, Mr. Thomas Currie, Mr. N. B. Milliken; the bridesmaids, Miss Jessie Bustin and Miss May Milliken; the maid-of-honor, Miss Grace Milliken, preceded the bride, who entered the drawing-room leaning upon her father's arm, looking very stately in a beautiful robe of white duchesse satin with trimmings of pearls, tulle and lace, and veil caught with orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were gowned respectively in white silk, satin and cashmere, and each wore a wreath of roses and carried large bunches of bridesmaids' roses. The groomsman was Mr. Tom Verner of Toronto, and Rev. P. D. Will performed the ceremony. After a dainty repast the happy young couple, amidst congratulations and showers of rice and flowers, left for the North, where they will spend a few weeks. On their return to Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Faulds will reside at 528 Sherbourne street.

Next week at Niagara-on-the-Lake gives promise of being the most brilliant of Niagara's many seasons, and the International Tennis Championships will be the occasion. The famous English cracks, Messrs. H. S. Mahony and E. O. Nisbet, are expected to be present, along with a large *coterie* of American champions who will have just completed their engagements at Newport. On Wednesday evening a novelty is promised in the form of a costume concert and tableaux, in which Miss Beverly Robinson, Mrs. P. Crerar of Hamilton, Mr. S. G. Cornell of Cobourg, and other artists will take part. On Thursday evening there will be a calico cotillion, and on Saturday the week will conclude with a tournament ball.

Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, at Ermeleigh. She will remain in town for the meetings of the British Scientific Association and afterwards go to visit her brother at Yoho, his Island in Muskoka. Mrs. Ewart will, I hear, return to Ermeleigh in September, when old friends will be able to renew her acquaintance.

First, second and third on the list of successful candidates for admission to the Military College on September 1 are the son of General Biscoe, Mrs. J. Hagarty's brother; the son of Captain Clarence Denison, Master Walter, and the son of Mr. Henry Denison of Davenport, Iowa, Master Vivien. Evidently the rising generation of the latter family has the same taste for soldiering as the previous three.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn returned from the sea-side on Tuesday. Mrs. Cockburn is still there and will probably visit Mrs. Tait in Montreal on her way home.

Beginning with the luncheon given at Government House on Wednesday, the various hospitalities in honor of our august (no pun) visitors have gone merrily on through the week, and the hostesses who gave and are giving dinners, garden parties and other festivities have well upheld the good name of Toronto as a pleasant city to its guests. On Thursday the Yacht Club was *en fete* during the afternoon; on Thursday evening the Parliament buildings housed a smart and jolly crowd for the Aberdeen reception, at which the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen, and the aides were the center of attraction. On Friday afternoon Mrs. E. B. Osler gave a garden party at Craigleigh. On Tuesday the Master gave a tea at the Country and Hunt Club, and on Tuesday next old Trinity will confer degrees on the most distinguished scientists and afterwards jubilate at afternoon tea in the grounds. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson give afternoons; the Grange is the ideal place for a garden party, and the handsome parlors of Dr. Ryerson's home have their reputation as a rendezvous for enjoyable intercourse on so many bright occasions, that it is needless to say Monday will be but one of many. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Nordheimer, a beautiful mistress of a beautiful home, will receive at Glenelyston.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pingle, who have been spending some weeks at Ellsmere House, returned home last week.

Miss Saunders of Sault Ste. Marie is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Ross, at her home, 43 Huntley street, as is also Miss Gertie Ross of Port Perry, niece of Dr. Ross. Mr. Charlie Ross of the Dominion Bank has gone to Niagara for a few days, and then to Narragansett for his holidays.

Mr. W. F. Gouinlock of the Western Assurance Co. has gone to Crawfordsville, Ind., for his holidays.

The following are registered at Woodington, Lake Rousseau: Mrs. Sanders, the Misses Sanders, Mrs. J. M. Might, Miss M. Might, Miss L. Might, Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. James Procter, Mr. E. W. Micklithwaite, Mr. J. Cooper Mason, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Watson, Miss Annie Currie, Miss M. Logan, Mr. H. Ramsden, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ogden, Miss Drew, Miss M. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice, Mrs. Nelles, Messrs. J. W. Leonard, J. W. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Allen of Toronto; Mr. J. B. Allen of Memphis, Tenn.; Misses Elizabeth and Margaret M. Fitch of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Flora Docker of the Elms, Lake Erie; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams of Hamilton; Mr. Gordon G. Duncan of Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lombard and Master Norman Lombard of Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. M. Sweetnam and Miss Sweetnam are at Saratoga, N. Y.

Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong and Miss Lucy Lloyd have returned after a delightful sojourn at "Glen Cameron," Jackson's Point.

Miss Monahan of Breadalbane street left on Tuesday for Lindsay, where she will be the

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guest of Mrs. McDonald of The Hill. Her sister, Miss Daisy, will meet Miss Monahan there. Miss Daisy has been spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Le Moyne, at Penetanguishene.

Mrs. H. W. Bennett and Miss Geraldine Bennett of Prescott are visiting Mrs. H. B. Hutchins of 405 Markham street.

At Sandy Point Camp, Lake Muskoka, the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Beddoe, divine service is held every Sunday at 4 p.m. From every direction and for half an hour before service, boats of different sizes and shapes may be seen approaching. The occupants include both summer residents and settlers. The Church of England service is used, but the preachers are not confined to that denomination. Last Sunday, August 15, Rev. Mr. Brown, Presbyterian minister of Scarborough, preached a beautiful and helpful sermon. The collection taken up on that occasion was given to the Children's Aid Society of Toronto and amounted to \$8. Among the Torontonians present were Mr. Skeans, barrister, Mr. Arthur Webb, and the secretary of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto.

A concert and garden party will be held at the Sunnyside Orphanage this afternoon and evening, at which several distinguished guests will be present from among those now temporarily sojourning in Toronto. At the concert an imposing array of talent will be presented by the organizers: Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Lillie Kiesler, Monsieur Mercier and Miss Wright of New York; Mr. Dinelli and Miss Falconbridge, accompanists. Mr. Shaw in recitation, and Mr. Ramsay in comic business; a string quartette with piano will also render some selections. Dr. and the Misses Evans and the Misses Falconbridge taking part. The affair is under the patronage of His Honor Sir George Kirkpatrick and Lady Kirkpatrick.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Meade gave a delightful dance for the guests of Ellsmere House in the Island Association Hall. The lovely moonlight outside, and pretty decorations, lights and dances within were alternate attractions.

There was great enthusiasm in Brockville last week over young Charlie A. E. Goldman's splendid showing, he winning the junior and intermediate races, and making a try at the

Mrs. Brayley, 350 College street, has gone to New York to select novelties in millinery and dressmaking for the coming fall.

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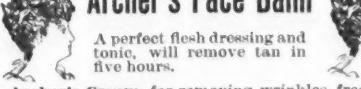
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The Cousin-Seeker of Berlin.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy traveling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocketbook. Since he was dressed in a plain, dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army; but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier, at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveler who was ploughing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach, though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio and returned the pocketbook to its place in the breast-lining of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hello! young man—whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"
"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting-place before I get there, to that I am bound, for I am a-weary."
"I should think you must have two hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.
The young man made no reply; and, after a short pause, the stranger said:

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name."
"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man, one of those who, wisely, never refuse the small benefit because the larger one is not to be obtained. He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for?"
"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.
"And, pray, who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, nor where to look for them. Indeed it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner, who should have been an American colonel, looked amused and astonished as he suggested:

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put the idea in your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relative to help me, and not quite enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"
"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments; and, whenever I asked them to let me know how it was done, the answer always was, 'A cousin gave it to me,' or, 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives at Berlin.' Now as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else cramp for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing; but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper and began to write upon it. When he had finished he turned around to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring a tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?"

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said that the evening was damp. It was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavors.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered the light had been struck. In his delight in succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurrah, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth and addressed Heinrich in this way:

"I have been thinking over what you have

told me, and perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin take this note, handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; 'take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But, mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now,' he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good-evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and before he had time to make any acknowledgments he found himself alone again. The young man was not a little astonished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

DEAR MARSHAL,—If you can forward the views of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend,

F.
Let me know the result of the interview with him."

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and foot-sore since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and, after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the enquiry, as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was, however, at last gained, and, having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned and requested him in the most respectful manner to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously; and the marshal made many enquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been educated; at what inn he was living in Berlin, and so forth. But still no allusion was made either to the note or the writer of it.

The interview lasted about twenty minutes, at which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he should call again on that day fortnight. Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the King's birthday; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at His Majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the King stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road? Impossible! How should a king be traveling at that time of the day? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose and cried to him, "Puff away."

At last the time appointed for the second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various subscriptions were! Heinrich answered that to the best of his belief one was that of Herr Model, his former schoolmaster; another, that of Dr. Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal; "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words, the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich, to see what effect they had; but the young man's countenance was unabashed; he evidently feared no evil report.

"I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the courtyard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last, as he found himself following Grumbkow even into

the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "Come in." As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the King were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker, greatly confused, knelt before Frederick William and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the King; "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the King told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the King. The fact was only too clear, and all that he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he could have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ears that of the beater of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced; but still no text. What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal; but the latter could give him no further information. All he could do was to promise that, if the King sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either King or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he waited the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived; but no text.

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The King, with the Royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced; but no text. The prayers were ended, and, while the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His Majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers the preacher opened the paper, and lo! it was blank: not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying, "His Majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall, therefore, take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis, in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language was remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the King's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries who had called again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the King, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to His Majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the King, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the King's room when His Majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurrah, sir, puff away; take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make, or what to do; but as he got so far as "Your Majesty," the King interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It was hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

"Writ All Right."

Authors, like people in general, enjoy appreciation, and if it is expressed indirectly and with unconscious simplicity, it is so much the better. The Chicago Times-Herald tells how a Western novelist treated a man who showed him honor in a manner quite unconventional, not to say unsophisticated.

Mr. Opie Read was at the Press Club when a tall, gaunt stranger from Arkansas approached

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him and began fishing in his—the stranger's—pockets.

"Got a letter of introduction to you hya—" but some're, he said. "Had the darndest time findin' you," he continued. "Got into town yesterday afternoon, and last night I started out to look you up. I thought, probably, the folks at the telegraph office would know you, but they didn't; and the hotel folks didn't know you, nuther. Then I went to a newspaper shop, and they sent me over here."

By this time the visitor had found the missing letter of introduction. It was written with a lead-pencil in a school-boy's hand, and the spelling was decidedly phonetic. Opie scrutinized the signature closely.

"John Scruggins," he said musically, "John Scruggins. I don't recall Mr. Scruggins."

"That's my boy," said the visitor proudly. "He's been to school in Little Rock all winter, and so when I got ready a while ago to come to Chicago, I told him to write me a letter of introduction to you, and he did it. What's the matter with the letter? Ain't it writ all right?"

"Oh, yes; it's all right," said the novelist.

"And it was; for the man from Arkansas spent a pleasant afternoon at the club.

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The Wand of Misery Waved Over Mrs. Thomas Green.

From Her Childhood She Suffered from Heart Troubles—Doctors Said Nothing Could be Done for Her, and that Her Death at Any Moment Would Not Surprise Them.

From the Herald, Stratford.

"Of the making of books there is no end," it has been said, and the same claim might be set up in respect of the making of testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Wonderful as are some of the statements published in the newspapers as to the cures effected in all parts of the country, fresh evidence proves the half has not been told. Were it not for a false sense of delicacy which a great many people entertain in regard to such matters, the columns of the press would be literally teeming with grateful acknowledgements of benefit derived from and permanent cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is quite within the mark to say that there is no other medicine offered the public that can at all compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which their virtues have not been proved. A cure which recently came to the knowledge of a representative of the Herald is deserving of being widely known. It is an instance of heart trouble that baffled the skill of a number of physicians, some of whom positively refused to treat the patient on the ground that it was no use. The subject of the affliction referred to is the wife of a highly respected and well-to-do farmer in the township of Logan, near the village of Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green are firm believers in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for very good reasons. Mrs. Green has suffered everything from death from a weak heart, the trouble having afflicted her since early childhood. On several occasions she has been so low that it was not thought possible for her to recover. Her greatest trouble often arose from exhaustion or a sudden start, and at such times her heart seemed to cease its throbbing and the breathing was fitful and labored. Doctor's medicine seemed to have no effect whatever. She was advised by one physician that all that could be done was to keep her strength up, and it was with a view to strengthening her system and with no hope that her heart would be benefited, that she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had not been taking them long, however, when there was an unmistakable relief from the trouble that had made her whole life miserable. During the past summer she has used Pink Pills freely, and has enjoyed better health than for many years before, and has been able not only to do her household work, but also many of the outdoor chores that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife. The different physicians who have treated her have frequently told her husband that they would not be surprised to hear of her death at any moment, but she is to-day a strong woman, enjoying better health than she has done for years. Both Mrs. Green and her husband feel grateful for the great benefit she has received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spare no words in sounding their praises to everyone who enquires what has wrought such a wonderful change in Mrs. Green's health and spirits.

In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make

the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by over-work, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Easy.
London Telegraph.

A traveling circus recently paid a visit to Clitheroe, and as an attraction, offered a prize to the man who could, as the Lancastrians term it, "pull th' ugliest mug."

The rules laid down were that each person should have "three tries." Competition ran high, some of the contortions being horrible to behold. After all had done their best, the clown, who acted as judge, coolly confronted a man sitting in the audience, who was noted for his ugliness, and said:

August 21, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

Canadian Injustice to Jackasses.

San Francisco Argonaut.
W e observe that the Chambers of Commerce of Seattle, Tacoma, and other Pacific Coast ports are memorializing Congress to "retaliate" on Canada for collecting her revenue duties on the American goods now going into the Klondike. But this is not new—Canada has been collecting duties on American goods for many years. Not a Pacific Coast passenger has ever gone across from Detroit to Windsor, on the Michigan Central line to New York through Canada, without having his luggage inspected by the Canadian customs officers. As for "retaliation," this government is already retaliating on Canada to the tune of many millions a year. Not a Canadian hen can lay a Canadian egg for consumption in this country without its paying duty.

This has been the case for years. In fact, we have just raised the duty on many Canadian products. Why, then, all this bother? Are we to collect duties from Canada on Canadian goods, and then must Canada let our American goods in duty free? That sounds like the chatter of monkeys instead of the speech of merchants—if these chapters of commerce be composed of merchants.

It is interesting and instructive to note that on the same day these memorials were sent to the Secretary of the Treasury protesting against the Canadian duty on beans, bull butter, and *burros*, a herd of animals was brought into Arizona from Mexico which had paid twelve hundred and ninety-six dollars more duty under the Dingley than under the Wilson bill.

But what of that? An American citizen who imports jackasses from Mexico is performing a high and holy function when he pays duty to his own government on his jackasses. But when he wants to sell jackasses in Canada, the imposition of a jackass duty by that government is a high-handed and brutal usurpation and a highway robbery. We hope that the Department of State, Secretary Sherman, and First Assistant-Secretary Day will at once take up this question of the protesting chambers of commerce, the wronged merchants, and the unjustly taxed jackasses.

At Sunset.

HE leaned more closely against him as they stood on the first terrace of a long slope; her soft elbow, masked in pink flesh and dimpled like a baby's, scarcely indented the side it touched. She was all soft, round, radiant with the beauty of youth, glorious in shimmer of golden hair, miracle of violet eyes, dream of red, exquisitely curved mouth. One's soul feasted on her loveliness. As for her voice, low, *trainante*, fluctuating in thirds, it was as the music made by angel fingers on the harps of Paradise, harps strung with the heart-strings of the ransomed, the saints of glory. And she was slowly speaking as they stood; he, deeply thinking on some abstruse problem—a scholar, a cold man, but not incapable of warmth; she, the melting sun which was rising in the twilight of his life, soon, mayhap, to bring forth fruits, good or evil, from the barren soil of his untouched heart. He piqued her mildly, and she was interested in trying on him the effect of her youthful beauty. At the same time an involuntary reverence for him possessed her, and kept her equally involuntary wiles in leash. It seemed to her that his uncompromising calm, his unfeigned indifference were fitfully alternated with gusts of unrest, and sometimes she smiled mischievously to herself, as an artless child smiles over some incipient devilment. Such impulse gave her speech now, as with a preamble of three words, which she was fond of using in addressing him, she spoke.

"Don't you think—" and she paused, looking down into the valley where the shadows were gathering, and wondering how she should enjoy a stroll there, her arm on his, this perfect midsummer eve. She had never been quite alone with him before. They guarded her too carefully, but this time he had said, "Let us walk a while," and she had drawn a scarf of lace over her bare shoulders and stepped from the dining-room into the sunset garden, the paddock, and out on to the brow of the meadow hill.

"Don't you think that there comes to some a peculiar pleasure in making others submit! It's born in people, that love of conquest, isn't it? For instance, there are women who enjoy seeing men at their feet, for no sentimental reason, but who just delight in getting them abjectly bound somehow, don't you see?" She paused, suddenly convicted from her own mouth, and glanced up at his thoughtful face in quick confusion.

He did not look at her, he forgot who spoke, but grasping the thought he said hardly: "Exactly, the instinct of the prostitute!"

The young girl gasped once, then drew her arm from his. "Don't you think perhaps we had better get home now?" she said, with a curious angry note in her dulcet voice.

He looked down the terraced hillside. "I thought perhaps you were not too tired to walk down the valley," he said in quite another voice, and with his rare and gentle smile. Now he was awake and considering her beauty, as she stood with a look on her face he had never seen before.

"I am not too tired, but I don't care to go," she said shortly.

And so with old-school courtesy he gave her his arm again, and they went back to the lawn in silence. But hot blood was in her cheeks, and her heart beat in furious leaps, and her eyes first grew hard and then swam in tears of sorrow. All her life long she was held in terror by those five words. She never forgot them, nor forgave her unconscious saviour.

PRINCE NEZ.

Deteriorating Effects of the Dress Mania.

A WEAK hankering after a style of dress more costly than we can afford is one of the surest developers of all the petty meanness latent in our nature. It causes us to shop in a mean and grasping way, to waste time in hunting up bargains (which generally prove dear enough in the end), and is altogether more hardening to the heart,



"Where goin', Bill?"
"Goin' to drink Her Majesty's bloomin' health."

In a small way, than we poor stragglers after fashion are at all apt to realize. Once we set our mark too high we strain every nerve and sweep every available dollar to keep up to it, the consequence being that we never have a spare dollar at our command for a benevolent or friendly purpose. The two great toils of the anxious husband, the underpaid labors of the poor seamstress, the sight of suffering which has just claims upon us, all count as nothing, and less than nothing. No so-called minor offence more surely blunts conscience and undermines pity and affection than a pursuit of dress in this temper. The competition is too keen for friendship—too petty for generosity, and we might almost say too grasping for honesty. It has been even known to lead to insanity, and indeed, judging from some extreme cases within our own notice to-day, we can well imagine it.

True, the desire to get what we call the worth of our money is perfectly natural and commendable. So a due regard for the importance of dress (a valuable stimulus to self-respect) is both our right and duty. We are not supposed to disguise beauty and render ugliness conspicuous. But surely there is a line of demarcation between one's proper care of one's money and our present over-weaning demoralizing mania for "bargains"—a golden mean between our due recognition of the influence of dress, and a futile pursuit so inimical to all that is serious and ennobling, and best to us. Practically the habit amounts to a trampling underfoot of some of Nature's best gifts to us, and as an inevitable consequence means for us a descent in the scale of being. It is a matter worth thought, sifting—and reform.

L. LYON,
Ottawa, August, 97.

A Snowball.
Pick-Me-Up.

(8 a. m.)—Brown walks across his yard, stumbles over a pail, and damages one of his toes. Decides not to go to business.

(9 a. m.)—Smith—Hello! Isn't old Brown coming down to-day?

Jones—No; fell over a pail this morning and hurt himself.

(10 a. m.)—Watts—(looking in)—Can I see Mr. Brown, please?

Smith—Afraid you can't. Poor chap kicked a bucket this morning.

(11 a. m.)—Robinson—Well, can't stay, Watts. Promised to go round and meet Brown for luncheon.

Watts—Why, surely you've heard, haven't you?

Robinson—Heard! What?

Watts—The poor fellow kicked the bucket early this morning.

(Noon)—Robinson—Yes; it's sad—awfully sad, y'know. There was old Brown yesterday, strong and hearty—

Johnson—What? Anything wrong with him? Accident!

Robinson—(with mournful shake of the head)—Dead, poor old chap. Died yesterday—sufered dreadfully they tell me.

Johnson—(astounded)—Never! Why, it's impossible, Robinson. I saw him day before yesterday.

Robinson—(gloomily)—It's true enough, for he was buried this morning—I couldn't go. Dreadful for his wife and family, isn't it?

A Domestic Incident.

"John, dear, I wish you'd lend me your knife."

"Yes, love."

"And just ask Sarah to bring down my big apron out of the bedroom, and a duster, and some paraffin, and the wash-leather!"

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Pick-Me-Up.

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of a Highland chief, apparently on the borders of Perthshire and Argyllshire. In his book, *The Penniless Pilgrimage*, he gives it no name, but speaks of it as "a most potent aqua vitae."

Type-writer—I am rapid enough, and understand business forms all right, but I must admit that I can not spell. Business man—You won't do, then, even at the price. I can't spell, either.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Affable Customer—You shave differently in Ireland from what you do in America, don't you? Barber Mulligan (just over)—An' phwat way, sor? Affable Customer—Here you mix lather; there you lather micks.—*Judge*.

The Bicycle Foot: She—Why does that piano sound first high and then low when Miss Wilson plays it? He—Well, you see, she is learning to ride a wheel, and uses the pedals alternately from force of habit.—*Boston Herald*.

"I envy her complexion," said Maud. "But she freckles and tans so easily!" replied Mamie. "That's just it. She can go to the seashore for a few days, at the end of the season, and look exactly as if she had been away all summer."—*Washington Star*.

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company: Mistress (from the head of the stairs)—Bridget! Bridget—Yes, ma'am. Mistress—It's ten o'clock. Bridget—Thank ye, ma'am. And will ye so kind ez to tell me whin it's twelve?—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"What! dropped boozing owing to your wife?" "Yes; every time I got drunk I saw her twice, and I can't stand that any longer."

Claude—There is nothing more pleasant than to walk and talk with the ones you love best, Maude—I should think you would get tired of your own company.

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Where It Began.

It is interesting to note that John Taylor, the "Water Poet," who visited Scotland in 1618, was the first Englishman to drink whisky. Other Englishmen had, of course, been to Scotland before him; but at that time a man might have been in Scotland often enough and have met with no whisky, which was confined to the Celtic Highlands. Taylor drank it at the funeral

of a Highland chief, apparently on the borders of Perthshire and Argyllshire. In his book, *The Penniless Pilgrimage*, he gives it no name, but speaks of it as "a most potent aqua vitae."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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VOL. X] TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897 [No. 40

Saturday Night Out of Town.

Wherever you go for vacation you can have "Saturday Night" mailed to you. To any address in Canada or the United States, 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month. Ask your newsdealer or write to this office.



MRS. ANNIE BESANT, the Theosophic leader, will visit this city for a few days, arriving Saturday evening. She will be accompanied by the Countess Wachtmeister, who has been associated with her during her American tour. There will be a meeting in the Auditorium on Sunday night, at which Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister and others will speak. On Monday and Wednesday lectures will be delivered by Mrs. Besant in the same place on Re-incarnation, or the Evolution of the Soul, and Theosophy and Recent Science, respectively. While here Mrs. Besant and the Countess will receive any persons interested in the teachings of Theosophy. Their visit is looked forward to by the adherents of the cult in Toronto with much interest, and they will no doubt be greeted with crowded houses, as has been the case in the American cities visited, where a large number of new adherents have been gained by their presentation of Theosophic views.

Joe Kelly and Charley Mason, two popular and talented fun-makers, whose former appearance in Toronto with leading farce-comedy organizations (notably Ward & Vokes) are undoubtedly pleasantly remembered, will be seen at the Toronto Opera House for the opening of the regular season on Monday evening, August 23, with matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. They will present a comedy of complications entitled "Who is Who," which will be well seasoned with some lively specialties, music, song and dancing diversions. The plot of the comedy dwells on the complications that arise over the use of a phonograph and a myth by the name of Nemo, a supposititious partner of a young lawyer named Hartland, impersonated by Mr. Kelly, who, having failed to arrange a business connected with an older lawyer, finally puts up a sign, "Nemo and Hartland," the former being supposed to be absent on business of importance to the firm. When the play opens Hartland is heavily in debt and everyone is enquiring for Nemo. The non-appearance of Nemo leads to the charge that he has been murdered, whom Hartland, in order to escape the evil threatened, impersonates. Mr. Mason plays the part of a German capitalist who resolves to clear up the mystery of Nemo's whereabouts and turns amateur detective for that purpose. His efforts are decidedly amusing, and the complications arising from his discoveries are most ridiculous, yet legitimately brought out, and occasion shouts of hearty laughter. The excellent scenes and amusing complications are said to have a decided vein of originality about them. The piece is mounted with scenery from the brush of Arthur Voeghtlin of Hoyt's Theater, New York, and the music by Robert Cone. The company includes such favorite players as: Ross Barrington, Eva Randolph, Blanche Boyer, Fanny Denham Rouse, Georgie Tompkins, Eddie Giguere, C. P. Evans, Bert St. John, Goggins and Davis, Johnnie Le Fevre, Robert Cone, Smith Turner, Sisters Whiting, Wood Sisters, Nellie Blanchard, Hattie Bernard, etc.

Hendrik Hudson will be at the Toronto Opera House the first week of the Fair. This will be followed by Bessie Bonehill in Little Monte Cristo. Both are first-class pieces to run at a time when the city will be full of visitors and an idea of what constitutes "play acting" is to be carried back to the rural townships.

This season will see many of the old favorites back at the Toronto and a lot of new aspirants for popular favor. Black Patt's Troubadours, the show that drew the largest houses of the season last year, is booked to appear again in

the fall or early winter. R. E. (Bob) Graham will play the leading part in the musical comedy, "Who's Your Friend?" Al Lipman will do the same thing for Lewis Morrison's new piece, Indian. James B. Mackie will appear in Little Jack Horner, and John E. Henshaw comes along pretty soon. Other shows arranged for are: Darkest Russia, Bonny Scotland, Shannon of the Sixth, Town Topics, Hopkins' Transoceanics, The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown, Broadway Girl, When London Sleeps, New York Day by Day, and A Revival of the Octopus.

Camille D'Arville will star in De Koven & Smith's new comic opera, Peg Woffington.

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VOL. X] TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897 [No. 40

Dr. O'Hagan, poet and critic, is in the city, on his way to the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, where he lectures next week on The Study of Literature and Canadian Poets and Poetry.

There promises to be some popular attractions of an unusual sort at the Industrial Exhibition this year, although the performances on the stage at the Fair have won a reputation as about the finest open-air show to be seen anywhere. The fireworks each evening are to be more elaborate than usual, and I see it announced that one special feature will be the ascent of a monster balloon, which, on reaching its altitude, will release an immense Union Jack, four hundred feet long and eighty feet wide, correct in every detail. After showing the colors of the flag on fire for over a minute, it will change to magnesium fires, which will illuminate the whole scene and render it as bright as day.

A Bachelor's Romance will in all probability constitute Sol Smith Russell's sole production for the coming season, as it has for the last.

Hoyt has worked into A Milk White Flag a skit on the Klondike fever, and no doubt all the low comedy and negro minstrel men will work the Yukon for all it is worth.

SPORTING COMMENT

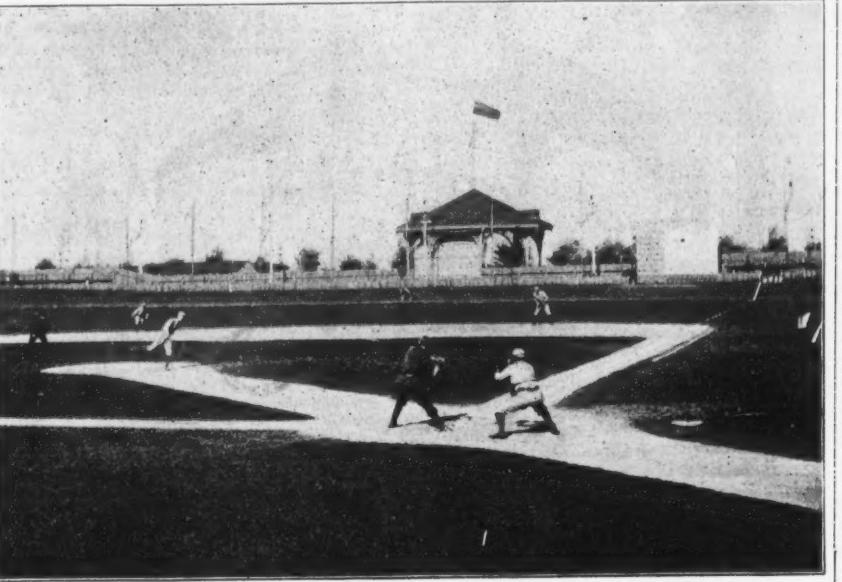
I saw the game between the Torontos and Tecumsehs, Saturday, and a worse exhibition of lacrosse it has seldom been my fortune to behold. The majority of the spectators left before the time was much more than half up, and no wonder, for from the commencement rough play and fighting were in order. The referee was compelled to call the players together to repeat his warnings, a proceeding which I never saw done before. In the first two games Patterson played a decidedly ragged game, and only half wakened up when the field captain rebuked him. For a considerable part of the time Griffith was an interested spectator. Allan and Gale were the only men on the Torontos who played passably well, Gale proving "what's in a name" by an occasional wonderful burst of speed. Wheeler is a very handy man at fistcuffs with or without gloves. For the Tecumsehs, German seemed to have it mostly to himself, though he would permit Murphy to share a little. Neither man was much bothered by a "check." The Torontos played without Moran and Downey and attribute their defeat to this cause and to the smallness of the grounds. The grounds are certainly too small for lacrosse, and the netting which is necessary for baseball greatly impedes one's view of the play.

The Torontos have got together a number of excellent and experienced players, the best to be had in Canada, and their friends are marveling why the team does not win. They chant over the names of the men and declare it must win, but—it doesn't. The play Saturday ought to enlighten the management, and lest it should not I shall here attempt to point out a few defects. The Tecumsehs played with a vim and dash which was not noticeable in their opponents. The Torontos avoided any fast playing and depended on their superior knowledge of the game to win. This was particularly shown in Murray's play. On the home the boys in blue have a style which is terribly effective when it works smoothly, but should any mistakes be made it is useless. They play straight in to the goal. All the other teams do a lot of field passing, holding the ball for a chance to score. The players should all work amicably together and help each other, which I think they do not do. I have regularly taken a walk across the fields to Rosedale and watched the practice, and I have come to the conclusion that a junior team is needed. There are only twelve or fourteen to line up, and they throw into one goal, the home against the defense; thus the team does not get playing together except in matches. There is an objection to allowing juniors on the field, since it needs so many that a senior seldom has a chance to get near the ball, but continual practice, I think, would counteract this defect; and unless there is a second twelve, where are the future twelves to come from? The condition of the team is usually given as the cause of a win or a loss, and there is a difference of opinion as to the shape the men are in. A man who is fit to play lacrosse can stand considerable hard training. A conscientious player will work well until he feels fagged, and if he thinks a rest good he need not play so hard, but he will not demoralize the remainder of the team by staying away altogether. The management have found that it is not a simple thing to run a lacrosse team, and when you consider that with no material whatever they put on a team able to play the crack Eastern teams close, exciting games, you will readily admit they should be congratulated, especially as the club will in all probability clear expenses. It is quite as fatal to

change the committees as the team, and therefore it is to be hoped that the same men will take hold next year and profit by the mistakes of this season.

JUDEX.

The result of the game was a surprise to all but the warm adherents of the Islanders, and so induced one of the best authorities on lacrosse in Canada to write some comments on the game. His opinions are contained in the preceding paragraphs and are worthy of attention.



Toronto vs. Syracuse.

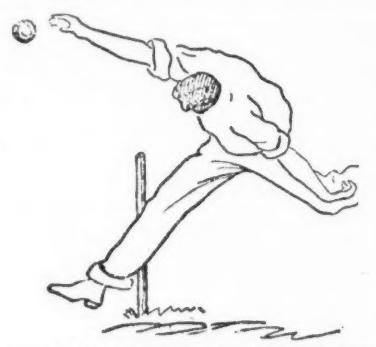
McGANN AT THE BAT.

Willis has just pitched a ball which is within a few feet of McGann's bat; Ryan is catching; Howard Earle 1st b.; Lezotte r. t.; Bill Eagen 2d b.; Swartwood is behind the pitcher's box, and Lush of Toronto is inside the catcher's line near first base. Photographed by Percy Warren, Palmerston avenue.

A. Lubbock and A. G. Chambers only made a few small notches for the Englishmen. Mr. Lubbock has hardly yet accustomed himself to the local wicket, while Mr. Chambers had just returned from a ten days' fishing tour and was out of practice. The totals were, Englishmen 131 and 81; Canadians 114 and 146. It will be remembered that the Canadians also won last year.

The most instructive outcome of the game was, perhaps, the evidence given by W. R. Wadsworth that he is a first-class bowler, stronger than he was two or three years ago. He bowls a faster ball and rings his changes with a great deal of skill. J. M. Laing did not play in the game.

The Ontario and Quebec match yesterday and to-day we give a couple of photographic snapshots of the Toronto-Syracuse game played at the Island oval on Thursday last week. This game was won by Syracuse. One shows Williams in the box just after delivering a ball which flew up a high foul; Casey is catching and Swartwood unpinning. The other shows McGann, the hard hitting first baseman of the Toronto, at the bat. The dim white spot in front of him is the ball just before he hits it. Lush is inside the coaching line near first base. McGann is a great batsman, but the photograph does not show him in a pretty posture. His style is, however, pretty enough, notwithstanding the photo, and the rooters like to see



Snap-shot of Richardson sending a fast one.

outclassed by German as previously he was outclassed by Tucker of the Shamrocks. Where did these two men get licenses to play rings around William Patterson whenever they like? He should get down to business, as his reputation is slipping away from him.

And what does it mean, this victory of the Tecumsehs? Stouffville and Wiarton both played the games with the Tecumsehs, who beat the Toronto, who beat the Capitals. Where does this place Wiarton and Stouffville, and where does it place the Thistles of Fergus, who beat Wiarton, who tied with the Tecumsehs, who beat the Toronto, who beat the Capitals? Hats off to Fergus, champions of the earth!

The Torontos go down to Ottawa to play the Capitals to-day. Will they win 10-0 or lose 10-0? It seems to be about an even chance.

It was soon made evident to those who saw the Old Country vs. Canada cricket match at Varsity last week, that Mr. F. W. Terry is again batting in the rattling style that was peculiar to himself two or three years ago. Last season he was not at his best and did not play in the international event, but since taking up residence in Clinton he has had the advantage of an excellent wicket and plenty of practice, and the result was seen when he began rapping out runs merrily off the bowling of such men as W. R. Wadsworth, W. H. Cooper and G. S. Lyon. When Mr. Terry is batting in his best style we have no player in the country who makes quite as interesting a display. He infuses so much character into his play, batting so vigorously and running so gamely, that cricket for the time becomes almost as exciting as lacrosse or baseball. Two elevens playing as spiritedly as he does would draw here such crowds as are attracted in England or Australia. It is the poky game of cricket, tedious and characterless, that the spectators execrate. Mr. Terry hit up 24 in his first innings and 32 in his second. P. C. Goldingham played an excellent innings for 52, when he was tempted out of his ground by one of W. W. Jones's slow twisters and neatly stumped by

D. W. Saunders. For the Englishmen, the only other batsman to accomplish anything was M. A. Walker of London, who in the second innings had 17 up when he was caught at the wicket. For the Canadians, W. H. Cooper made 33 and 6, D. W. Saunders 27 and 44, A. F. R. Martin 21 and 4, G. S. Lyon 6 and 18, J. L. Counsell 5 and 37 not out. Such good men as W. R. Wadsworth, J. H. Elmsley, J. H. Foster, W. W. Jones and W. E. McMurry failed to do much for the Canadians, while

be presumed that they are not candidates this year, although Mr. Gillespie's phenomenal bowling against Toronto last week suggests that he is as good a trundler as ever.

The Cleveland-Toronto match on Tuesday was a disappointment. It cannot be otherwise described. Toronto won, 7-3, and the Cleveland group of entertainers did not seem to care how the game resulted. I do not say they gave the game to the local team, but I do say that the National League men failed to put giner into their work—they wore the Wilkesbarre colors and played ball of the same color. They had one pitcher in the box, another on first base and a third in left field. A team that aims to do its very best keeps its superfluous pitchers on the bench. Wilson played faultlessly at first bag, but he, like most pitchers, could not bat. In fact, none of the Clevelanders can bat if Tuesday's game was a test. McKeen at short made an error, and Wallace at third made two, but the complete failure of the visitors to hit either Gaston or Dineen seems to mean that the local pitchers are wonders, or that the visitors are useless at bat. We were prepared to see the Toronto give the strangers a hot argument, and certainly the local men played an almost faultless game, yet we looked for National League ball from a National League team, and we saw such a game as the tail-enders of the Eastern League put up. When there is a game of this kind the division of the gate receipts between the managers should depend somewhat upon the result of the match. Then the alleged giants would be spurred to action. I do not think that the nine men who went on the field for Cleveland could have beaten, or can beat, the Torontos, but the visitors when following behind carried themselves with an air of indifference that was unfair to the spectators. Any game against Syracuse or Buffalo possesses twice as much interest for the public.

To-day we give a couple of photographic snapshots of the Toronto-Syracuse game played at the Island oval on Thursday last week. This game was won by Syracuse. One shows Williams in the box just after delivering a ball which flew up a high foul; Casey is catching and Swartwood unpinning. The other shows McGann, the hard hitting first baseman of the Toronto, at the bat. The dim white spot in front of him is the ball just before he hits it. Lush is inside the coaching line near first base. McGann is a great batsman, but the photograph does not show him in a pretty posture. His style is, however, pretty enough, notwithstanding the photo, and the rooters like to see



Snap-shot of Hirst letting off a left-hander.

him come up to the plate when there is a man anywhere on the bases. As a batter he is not as sensational as Freeman or Lush, but he has no superior in the trick of making base hits when needed.

Hurrah for Glencairn II! and get a hurrah ready for Glencairn III! Also hurrah for the Argonaut Fours and Doubles and all good Canucks who lead on the waters.

We often hear of men neglecting their business affairs for sport, and of young men neglecting to prosecute their professional careers in order to follow up athletics, but probably Ranjitsinhji, the Parsee Prince, has sacrificed



Toronto vs. Syracuse.

Williams has just pitched a ball that has fouled; Casey is catching; Swartwood is unpinning; McGann 1st b.; Freeman r. t.; Taylor 2nd b. Photographed by Percy Warren, Palmerston avenue.

Canada, but failing to bat well in the preliminary match he resigned from the team on the ground that his then form did not warrant his selection—an example of sportsmanlike self-abnegation that is very rare and deserving of all praise. I mention this now in the hope that something of the same spirit may govern the choice of men to represent Canada next month. I have not included the names of Mr. Gillespie and Mr. D'Arcy Martin, because as they are not in the preparatory games it may

more to cricket than any man ever yielded up to any field sport. It has repeatedly been said that by remaining in England to play cricket he surrendered his principality, although retaining a handsome income from other sources. It is now given out that the Prince will this year give up cricket and make an attempt to recover his principality. He will accompany the English team on its Australian tour and on the way home will branch off at Colombo, in Ceylon, and see about his estates and his status in the land of his fathers. Let us hope that he will win the game.

THE UMPIRE.

August 21, 1897

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7

The Pursuit of the Intangible.

WHEN will the day come that one of the invisible company of the wise, the wise who know various things and do not babble, will arise to explain how it is that a woman cannot help retaining a prejudice against discussing her own sisterhood with a man? Why will she begin an argument hopefully, and when some silent shame has stopped her mouth, why will she be content to have it concluded in an unreasonable defeat? There must be someone who thinks he knows—if he does, let him speak. But if he wants to speak he is probably of no use—if he is of any use he will not want to speak. So like the great Khayyam,

"We evermore come out by the same door where in we went."

The word woman four sentences back was left without a descriptive adjective designedly. Doubtless, brothers, you have all met some woman who would discuss anything with you when you were alone, but we always describe these women to ourselves; we do not call them by our common name.

If there is a charming, old, wise woman anywhere who knows and, thinking it would be worth while telling, not only that but a score of other things more obscure and tantalizing, would she please explain a few difficulties of those of us who are honest sometimes, and willing enough to bridge over the division; those of us who are a little weary and sore about it all.

The newspapers and many books, preachers and penny prophets, tradition and superstition have for centuries been telling woman that she is a mystery; if not the great mystery, then the next thing to it. There are a great many women who do not believe this, for they know, poor things, that down at the heart of the unexplained essence it is all very simple in one way. They know why they did or said such a thing yesterday, although they may not tell you, and they would rather be considered ordinary, commonplace and safe. And here let it be said without any undue feeling that the little bugaboo kept chained somewhere was the backdoor of an intellectual argument; the little bugaboo that "because" is a woman's reason, is a very little bugaboo indeed. It is quite true that a woman may feel sure of a thing without knowing why she feels sure of it; that happens to some of us very often, to others once in a blue moon. But do men always know where their convictions come from? What is the reason that a glance from eyes of a certain color and meaning will penetrate some walled-up sense of freedom in your heart? I wonder if you know. And if you know will you tell us? That particular case does not apply to all of you of course, but if it does not, something else will. There are a thousand hidden germs burrowing with soft persistence within the closest soul.

So postulate No. 1. It does not necessarily mean that a woman does not know the reason why when she says "because."

It is true enough that she might invent some other expression, but old customs die hardest of all. If you reflect, however, you may remember that some women are able to express themselves tolerably without having recourse to this subterfuge.

But when woman uses it if she does not know why, she does not want to tell, and then it is far better for you not to ask. There are some things safer untold. Nothing unpleasant is covered up by this assertion; generally it is mere tender, decent, human reticence. There was a woman once who had an uncommon power of obtaining information which she was often compelled to use involuntarily. It made her life extremely interesting, but often at the same time extremely painful. A friend of hers on one occasion was harmlessly enough trying to draw her into making a statement about a certain person. This woman who knew went a little white about the lips. "I know about that," she said, "but I have no right to know and I do not mean to tell." This is true of much of the knowledge of which a woman is the possessor. It has been put into her mind by powers too subtle and too sacred to be used in open commerce, and it commonly concerns the possible moral existence of those to whom her heart is never shut. Achilles' mother knew when her hand had closed upon his heel.

So it comes down to this in the end, that woman is not half the involved mystery that she has been given to understand she is. She is a reasonable, affectionate, hopeful, imperfect human being, who knows a good deal about herself and is anxious not to be taken for other than she is. She knows a good deal about herself, but she does not know everything. There is a knot that she cannot untie; there is one liquid opaque drop through which she cannot see. There is an elusive, intangible veil covering some possibility which she has never been able to draw away and which she never will. But that is the mystery of life and not peculiarly of womanhood, and is in the heart of every man as well as in her own; must be, or else she could not care for him. And she does a great deal more than he will ever know or she will ever be able to tell him.

These may seem alarming things to say about women, for the sages have always taught that in her mystery lies her charm. So it does, but nevertheless everything that has been said here is quite true. No one could ever possibly tell you how interesting women are, how the further down you go the more you find and the more you learn from it how little you know about her. There is nothing else in the world so interesting except a man—and that only to a woman. She is really worth while and wonderfully interwoven with little threads of virtue, considering all that she has come through. There never has been anyone who made more than seventy-five per cent, at her yet, except Homer, if he made Helen of Troy, and how much do you know about her except that men loved her and you understand why, without having to say as we do say all day long about every other imagined woman except Mary, Queen of Scots? (I know what you are saying, but how much history is there about her anyway?) Why in time did they? So you see, young man, we may conclude by saying, as we might to a hod-carrier, there's plenty of room at the top.

Toronto, Aug. '97.

Mrs. T.—Why is it, I wonder, that all parrots swear? Mr. Y.—Well, if you were asked as many foolish questions as a parrot is, you'd swear, too.

Closely.

For Saturday Night.
The west'ring sun with flood of golden light
Bathes the sweet landscape in his beams so bright;
In calm repose, Closely, yonder lies,
And scenes of beauty greet the wondering eyes.
This Hobby-drive unique, what skill could paint
Its views entrancing and that village quaint?
Each modest dwelling half the other hides,
Nestling so closely up the hill's clef sides;
Glowing in beauty, where the warm sun shines,
The white walls gleaming through the tinted vines.
There tiny gardens seem to hang in air,
Making a picture most divinely fair.
Across the sunlit bay the distant gaze
Meets, in soft outline, through the shimmering haze
A rock-bound coast behind a purple veil,
And here and there a white and glistening sail,
With nearer boats that seem almost to rest,
Faintly reflected, on the silvery breast
Of azure mirror, as it seems to be.
Oh wondrous beauty of that summer sea!

In this sequestered spot rich joy abounds—
Soft perfumed airs, enchanting sights and sounds.
Beauteous Closely! Here might fairies dwell,
Here hold their revels in the ferny dell.
And stately court with sweet Titania, queen,
Leading the dance beneath the moon's pale beam.
But what a rest is here from toil and strain
Of worldy world for every busy brain;
No carking care, no fears should intrude
To mar the peace of nature's happiest mood.
Her leafy fan, by gentle zephyrs stirred,
Sweet music makes, with hum of bee and bird,
And voice of waters' ceaseless ebb and flow,
And breaking waveslets on the beach below;
While up the wooded cliff comes murmuring on
The deep-toned music wed with nature's song.
Up hither, wafted by salt-laden breeze,
That clothes, with moss and lichen, countless trees.
Now to the park our wandering steps we turn,
Led by a path from bygone ages worn.
That winds its way up, onward to the edge,
Where hangs a beetling cliff and rocky ledge,
And where the seagull rests his weary wings
Or his brooding mate a portion brings.
The scene entices, but a threatening shower
Warned us to hasten to this leafy bower;
'Neath the thick branches of a stately tree
We here may rest and muse with fancy free;
Fearless to note the low clouds' ebon pall,
Securely sheltered, watch the great drops fall,
Then hang a pendant pearls on leaf and grass.
Tis but a summer shower, soon 'twill pass;
Even now from the rifted cloud more bright
The sun is chasing with its streams of light
The flying shadows o'er the emerald glade,
Which glows in richer beauty as they fade.
Here grow the heath and bracken side by side,
Where deer lie close and where the rabbits hide,
Or scuttling through across the open ground,
A moment curious pause, away then bound
With rockless haste to reach the sheltered shade,
By thorny mazes of the dense gorse made.
What sombre masses! But the yellow flower,
Richly sprinkled like a golden shower,
Blossoms profuse upon the hoary heads,
Delicious perfume on the still air sheds.
Its magic beauty o'er ones throw a spell
Great as the power 'neath which Linneus fell,
As meekly bowed before the golden shrine
He worshipped nature in her garb sublime.
No marvel if in scene so fair as this,
His soul, inebriate with excess of bliss,
Thrilled to its depth, prostrate on Albion's sod,
He looked "through nature up to nature's God."

M. ANNETTE LYLE.

The Three Tests.

I.

TWO children, a boy and a girl, were playing on rough ground, when the boy fell, scraping his knee and cutting his hand. He would have cried, but with sympathetic tact the girl said: "You are such a little man—most boys would have cried if hurt as bad as you." Pridefully the lad bore his pain saying: "It is nothing."

II.

The man lay in a cot that seemed steeped in the odor of drugs, for his arm had just been amputated. Beside him sat the woman, his wife, and as his eyes opened she smiled upon him and bending over whispered, "You are so brave, dear—so good and so brave." With a faded smile he drifted off into the slumber that brought convalescence.

III.

In the dusk of an evening a man stood by his doorway wherein sat his wife reading. He thought of his past and his future—the ill-success of this venture and of that, and realized that his best days were gone and that he was a failure as compared with many other men. The pain of this sorrow was deeper than that which could come from any physical injury, yet his wife said nothing. She did not know, nor could she have understood.

MACK.

A Philosopher and Some Citizens.

Scene—Corner King and Young.

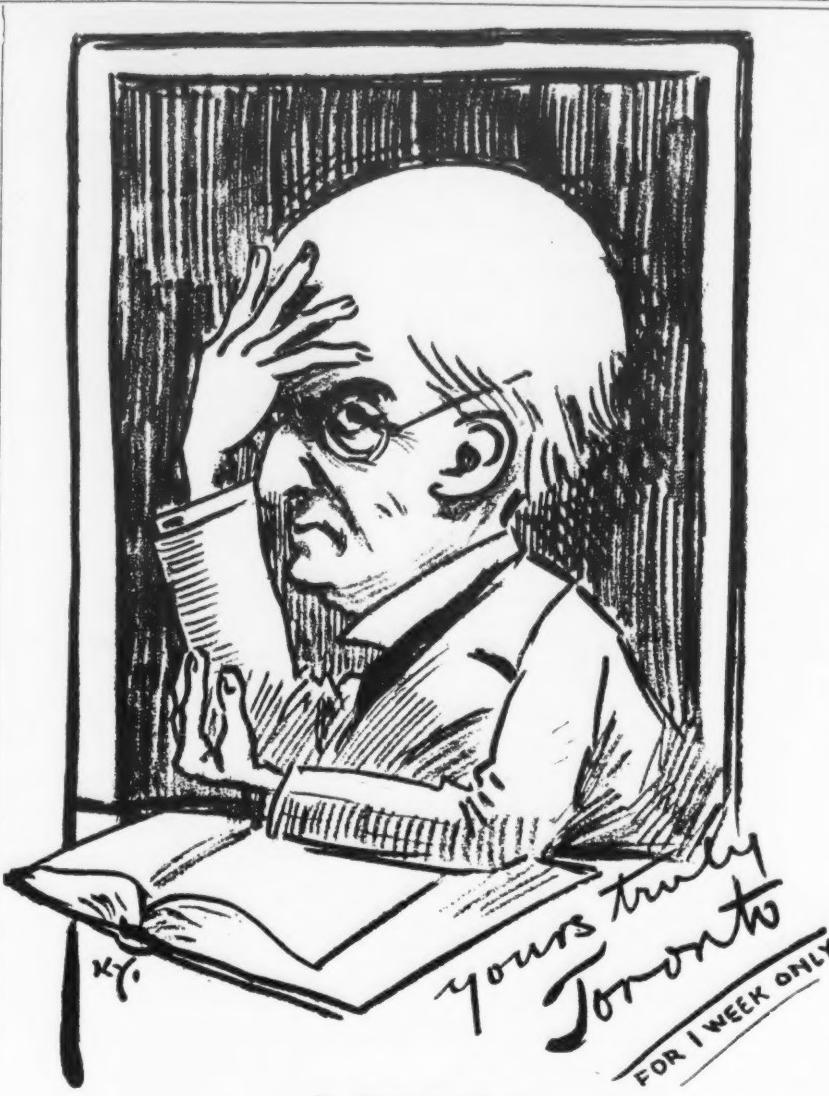
PHILOSOPHER—I will take up my stand at the corner of this street and interrogate the natives as they pass, even as Socrates interrogated the Athenians of old, with a view to ascertaining their knowledge of fundamentals. How strange this world of phenomena seems to one who has passed his life in the higher regions of the ultra-phenomenal, seeking the eternal verities, and yet, perchance, in the fleeting incidents of the objective environment, transient and superficial, and subject to perpetual metamorphoses as they are, I may find some inductive confirmation of the fundamental verity which, after sixty years of abstruse consideration, I have established beyond contravention in my thesis on The Utter Absurdity of All Things, to be read at the Association to-morrow. Good friend, I am a stranger in your midst seeking for knowledge. Could you tell me something I don't know?

IST CITIZEN—You don't know anything.

PHILOSOPHER—Your answer, which is obviously intended to be crushing, has, fortunately for your material welfare, fallen upon the ears of a philosopher whose knowledge of anthropology enables him at once to classify you with the lower creation and assign you a not indefinite place among the lesser brutes. I turn with greater confidence to your neighbor, whose frontal physiognomy indicates a higher order of intelligence. Good friend, I am a poor philosopher seeing the fundamentals. Could you tell me something I don't know?

Second CITIZEN—You don't know nothin'.

PHILOSOPHER—Incomparable! You are obviously a philosopher, like myself, of the highest order of transcendental intelligence, and you seek to establish the fact of my



Mr. Science is with us.

universal intelligence. Let me take you into my confidence and inform you that while to me all things are absurd, I am not prepared to deny that there are different degrees of absurdity. The ancient classification of mankind into big fools and little fools was, as you are aware, a cause of much controversy among the metaphysicians of a later and more recondite era, who rather inclined to the opinion that the race might more properly be divided as old fools and young fools. It is needless to inform one of your exalted intelligence that both these theses have been controverted by the modern synthetic school which in the light of a more refined metaphysic has sought to abolish the original distinction as unnecessary and ambiguous, and to state the fundamental facts in the terms of a universal synthesis, and, without descending either to category or classification, affirm as the fundamental thesis that all men are fools. Such was the state of philosophy at the time I commenced my investigations, which, after sixty years of weighty consideration, I have embodied in my treatise on the Utter Absurdity of All Things, in which, admitting the proposition that all men are fools, I have carried this principle further into the world of things and shown not only that all things are absurd (which has been generally admitted before, but that they are utterly absurd, and also that all men are things, and therefore—but let me illustrate—what is your name?

Second CITIZEN—My name is Smith.

PHILOSOPHER—Now that is a matter of no importance and furnishes no clue whatever to the nature of your personality, and the utter inanity of your answer only tends to establish your identity with all things by showing you to be utterly absurd. But here is a citizen who can probably enlighten me. Pray, friend, canst tell me something I don't know—

THIRD CITIZEN (freezingly)—You don't know me, sir.

Exit Philosopher.
Toronto, August, '97. CAIUS CROSS.

Money or Birth.

An interesting discussion is in progress in *Vanity Fair* as to the alleged degeneracy of London society, it being charged that money instead of birth has at last gained the first place. Some very personal allusions have been made to people who are now prominent in society, and who hold their places by the elaborate style of entertainment afforded the nobility and gentry. On the other hand "A Worldly Mother" has given the other side of the case, discussing it from the point of her daughters' interests. It is one of those important old-world questions that we like to read about now and then. She says: "I am very anxious to marry these daughters well. By 'well' I mean primarily to men of good birth and with money. Good birth alone is of no use. They are good, nice girls, but they are not meant to be the wives of poor men. They must have money with their husbands or no husbands at all. Well, the husband who combines money and position is as rare as the great auk's egg. He, indeed, almost represents the unattainable. What, therefore, am I to do? If young Bourgeois—as you call him—asks for the hand of my daughter, am I to accept him? Or am I, in my pride of birth, to repulse him, only to leave my daughters old maids with but small pitances with which to support their spinsterhood? Personally I feel I must do my best for my girls; consequently I have to put my pride in my pocket, and am determined to let the first respectable moneyed Bourgeois that likes become a suitor for the hand of one of my daughters. Understand that I would infinitely prefer men of my daughters' own position; realize, if you can, that my whole soul revolts against the idea of the admission of a vulgarian into my family; but, above all, remember that I must do my best for my girls. That is why I read your articles with more alarm than in

terest. I do not want Society to be readjusted. I want Brown, and Jones, and Robinson to meet my daughters, and I hope, if they are well behaved young fellows, that they will marry them. Indeed, I will confess that I have had practically to cut Lord — because he has no money, and to encourage Mr. Smith because he has."

Cupid and the "Cop."

THEY had wandered up from McCaul street in the cool of the evening and had discovered Queen's Park. To their unhabituated eyes its great oaks, with their electric light illumined foliage and friendly shadows cast over dimly-seen benches, seemed but the outposts of a great forest stretching away to the north. They had never seen the park in the daytime, had never heard in the past the contumacious deliveries of the park orator, the insistent blare of the S.A. band, nor had, in short, ever enjoyed the privilege of spending a bygone Sunday afternoon as one of the gaping crowd that gathered there in vague hopes of some kind of a row, perhaps of seeing Scroggins, who repaired boots on a weekly day and ventilated agnostic doctrines in high-pitched cockney dialect on Sunday, have a rough-and-tumble scrap with his old-time enemy Epstein, who lived in the extremely dirty garret of a York street mansion, and who had forsaken the ancient teachings of the Prophets for an extraordinary religion of his own, which consisted of a mixture of Buddhism and Blavatskyism, the which mixture he was extremely ready to dish up to all comers.

The young couple, in happy ignorance of the rights of free and open-air speaking that had been wrested from the Scroggins and Epsteins of the disputation past, found an unoccupied bench and took possession. The sun had long since set, an occasional bicycle whirled around the western curve or pedestrian crossed the park; most of the other benches presented the same appearance as their own, with two dimly-seen forms merged into one; but these two strangers from the West saw only the general features of the landscape.

Upon the lapel of the young man's coat was a badge bearing, beneath a small design not decipherable in the dusk, the legend in large capitals, "MISSOURI;" his companion was similarly adorned, except that the name on hers was "IOWA."

A puff of wind from the south wafted to their ears a faint strain of music from some far-distant band; a night-hawk rasped above their heads in his swoop after some unfortunate insect; the song of a belt-line car on Bloor street sounded, and the various fire-hall bells tolled the hour.

They had arrived in the city late that afternoon, he from St. Louis and she from Des Moines; by a whim of Dame Fortune they had been billeted at the same house on McCaul street, and so these two young hearts that, in the days gone by, before he had left the Iowa capital for the larger city to the south, had beaten in unacknowledged though reciprocal tenderness, were once more brought into a proximity all the more welcome for its unexpectedness.

The romance of the meeting and the influence of the night were in favor of the chubby young gentleman in an exceedingly summerly costume, consisting of a bow and arrows and a pair of wings, who to human eyes invisible, sat waiting for the denouements, on the bench beside them.

The young man from Mo. had mentally totted up his present assets, figured on a probable rise in salary, and offset against these the high price of house rents in St. Louis; but nature, as represented by the surrounding park, had enlisted herself in the service of the chubby party, and the young man's hesitation was fast disappearing.

She, on her side, was simply waiting for the question which her feminine instinct taught her was coming.

In Des Moines the ratio of the sexes is about 8 to 1, and she, as one of the majority, was quite prepared to reduce the particular numeral in which she was included, to 7.

He leaned forward:

"Marjorie."

"Yes, Mr.—er—yes—James?"

He of the bow and arrows rose and gave his wings a preliminary shake; business was rather brisk that night and he knew of a possible deal elsewhere—this one was as good as settled.

"Yes, James?"

"Marjorie, will you—will you—" The question was never concluded; a burly form loomed up beside them and a voice with a rich Hibernian accent said:

"Ye'll have to be movin' along, youse two; 'tis after tim o'clock, and ye know th' rules av that ten o'clock hy-law."

And he made a bee line for Muskoka.

Toronto, Aug., '97. OWEN A. SMILY.

An Art Treasure.

THERE is in possession of Mr. W. Wesbroom of 157 Dovercourt road, Toronto, a rare and interesting relic of the art of the days of Queen Anne. It is a portrait of James, Earl of Seafield, whose other titles are, Viscount of Redhaven, Lord Ogilvie of Deskford and Cullen, Lord High Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland, one of the Lords of Her Majesty's most honorable privy council, treasury and exchequer, Knight of the most ancient and honorable order of the Thistle, and eldest son of James, Earl of Findlater. The picture is a copper plate, a combination of line and mezzo-tint, and is of a style calculated to arouse the interest of an art critic. The features are those of a very handsome man, in a full curled and flowing wig. The Earl was evidently the reigning male beauty of Scotland. Above the face, which is in an oval, are the names and coats-of-arms of eight Scottish noblemen who were evidently kinsmen. In one corner the mace of Queen Anne's Parliament is seen, with her coat-of-arms and motto: Nemo me impugne lacessit; Tou Jour et initials A. R. The size of the picture is 14 by 18, and it is the work of G. Kneller in 1704. It is well preserved in the original gilt frame with maker's imprint upon it. Mr. Wesbroom has owned it many years and rightly esteems it an antiquarian and artistic treasure.

Klondike—Ho!

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Ho! for the land of gold—
The far-away, cold Klondike—
Where nuggets and gleaming dust
In wonderful heaps they strike,
Where dawn finds a man in want,
At noon he is getting there,
And when the day's work is done
He ranks as a millionaire.

And yet in that land of gold
Some things do come mighty high;
An old-time square meal's a sight
For which man will vainly sigh.
Though ice is as cheap as dirt,
And for it no man need yearn,
He'll find it a trying task
To get enough coal to burn.

No Summer girl there displays

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North German Lloyd Services
New York, Southampton [London] Bremen
New twin screw regular ships. Thursday, 12 noon.
Barbarossa . Sept. 2 H. H. Meier . Sept. 23
Karlsruhe . Sept. 9 Bremen . Sept. 20
Koenigin Luise . Sept. 16 Stuttgart . Oct. 10
Saloon, \$75; second saloon, \$50 upward.
New York, Southampton [London] Bremen
Express ships 10 a.m.
Lahn . Aug. 24 Travre . Sept. 21
Havel . Aug. 31 Lahn . Sept. 21
Sept. 7 K. Wm. II . derGrosse . Oct. 5
New York, Cherbourg [Paris], Bremen
Aller, Sept. 4; Spree, Sept. 18; Havel, Sept. 25.
Saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$45 upward.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
K. Wm. II . Aug. 25 Sept. 25
Emden . Sept. 11 Aller Oct. 2
Werra . Sept. 18 K. Wm. II Oct. 9
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

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NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON [London-Paris]
St. Paul . Aug. 25) 10 St. Paul . Sept. 15) 10
St. Louis . Sept. 1 St. Louis . Sept. 22) 10
Paris . Sept. 8) A.M. Paris . Sept. 29) A.M.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP
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Anecdotal.

Dr. Samuel S. Wesley, being present during a performance of his fine anthem, *Airsie Unto the Lord*, the basses sang their recitative, "Noses have they, and smell not," in a vulgar nasal tone, when Wesley remarked, in his most sarcastic manner, "No, they keep their noses to sing through."

The wife of the late Professor Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward anxiously on his elbow and enquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the professor, leaping out of bed; "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

N. P. Willis was usually the life of the company he happened to be in. His repartee at Mrs. Gales' dinner in Washington is famous. Mrs. Gales wrote on a card to her niece, at the other end of the table: "Don't flirt so with Nat Willis." She was herself talking vivaciously to a Mr. Campbell. Willis wrote the niece's reply:

Dear aunt, don't attempt my young feelings to transmelt,
Nor strain at a Nat while you swallow a Campbell.

When the Queen was about to sail for Alaska from Seattle a few days ago, (says the San Francisco *Argonaut*), in the height of the rush to Klondike, a man rushed down to the purser and exclaimed excitedly: "Look here, I paid for a state-room for myself and wife, and when I got there I found an old cow sticking her head through the window." "I am very sorry, sir," said the purser, "we are very crowded, but I will do the best I can for you. John!" (turning to a deck-hand) "go up on deck and turn that cow around!"

One of the most singular instances of punishment for an oversight was that shown by the commitment of an almanac-maker to the Bastille in 1717. It was made out by order of the Duke of Orleans, regent during the minority of Louis XV. of France, and read as follows: "Laurence d'Henry, for disrespect to him in his almanac as King of Great Britain." How long this unlucky almanac-maker remained in prison is unknown. The register of the Bastille, examined at the time of the Revolution, failed to throw any light on the subject.

The late Lord Bowen had a keen wit. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee the judges were drawing up an address to the Queen. "Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," ran the address; "conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen. When appointed a law lord, an intimate friend congratulated Lord Bowen on his promotion, suggesting he would find the duty easy, seeing he had only to pass on the opinions of other jurists. "That's true," replied Bowen. "All I have to do is to agree, and might well have been raised to the peerage as 'Lord Concurry.'"

Frederick Locker used to tell a story about Sir Arthur Josselyn, who had Munchausen tenderness, and loved to relate tall yarns about his adventures among the red Indians. He was in the middle of some wild experiences, when he was cleverly stopped by Lord Barrymore. "Did you ever see anything of the Chick-chows?" "Oh! a good deal," said Sir Arthur; "a very cruel tribe, the Chick-chows." "And the Cherry-chows?" "Oh, very much among the Cherry-chows," continued Sir Arthur; "the Cherry-chows were singularly kind to my fellows." "And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-roddy-boos?" This was too much even for Sir Arthur, but the company was relieved.

James Payne, in the *Nineteenth Century*, tells a story about the funeral of a lady, who had died suddenly. Her husband, a man still young, selfish, and self-indulgent, was gloomy, not because of his bereavement, but because of the trouble it entailed. He would have gone away, had he dared, and left the last rites to her relatives, whom he hated so much that he would not be shut up in a carriage with any of them, but would ride alone. "No," said a friend, "you must not do that. If you will not ride

with your relatives you must go with the clergyman." "The clergyman! well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day."

A man of considerable fame, a mathematician, was present at a "function" where he was introduced to a man from Chicago, who expressed the keenest joy in meeting him; for mathematics, he said, had been always one of his greatest interests. Our great mathematician had been working for months on a problem, and at last he had solved it. Here was an opportunity to share his triumphs with another enthusiast. For the better part of an hour he explained the details of the problem, and the man from Chicago nodded his head approvingly and enjoyed himself. "Well," said he, when the explanation was over, "as I say, I do enjoy mathematics. But the thing that stumps me, sir, is that when you multiply a number by a fraction you make it smaller."

Between You and Me.

UHAT a curious thing slang is! Those catch-words which go about the world and, like punched coins and counterfeits, pass muster for a time. Then comes some sarcastic comment in the papers, some vulgar comic song or some political allusion and destroys or embalms them, as the case may be. One of the recent little sayings which one must determine very firmly not to use or else become a victim to its appropriateness, is, "There are others!" It contains a world of possible significance, that little philosophical warning or defiant word. Have you lost her?—there are others. Has she enraged you?—there are others. He has failed you or neglected you? Don't focus on him, little foolish woman heart!—there are others. Does he swear by sun, moon and stars that he is yours? Don't forget that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there have been, are, and will be—others. And it is likewise true that no one's life depends on one issue, in any possible phase. There are others! You have a perfect faith? By all means; but, there are others, and they are as perfect to those who hold them. And, above all, when one thinks and plans, maybe prays for oneself—there are others!

I was talking to a pessimist and he was recounting the woes of the hour, and enjoying them. "But you don't need to have all that trouble," said I; and neither he, nor you, nor I need half the trouble we are dragging about with us. We think as we, perchance, shoulder a heavy pack for a mile or two, that we must bear it forever. We act as though it were strapped on, when in reality one good, strong, sensible shake of our shoulders and the wearing load would lie in the dust. I am tired of seeing people bowed down with trouble. The attitude is a habit, a perverse, stupid habit of the mind, and someone ought to expose it. Shake yourselves and drop it off, you people who are growing old under it. You'll never hold on to your youth, your buoyancy, your vitality; you'll never have the strength to grow if you don't.

While it may be curt and open to misconstruction to say, "Don't talk about it," should our own or other people's trouble be under discussion, it is a good rule for health and happiness generally. The other evening a girl said to me: "When I read that paragraph I knew you had had trouble some time in your life, Lady Gay." And I reviled the paragraph in secret, for it wasn't a good one, whatever it may have said. Everyone has troubles; they come like freckles, but *Dieu merci!* they don't need to stay, unless we keep painting a little burnt sienna on the spots to make them clear. The one thing I do not like about our Lady of Jubilees is the delight she takes in her troubles. A strong little lady, but they are stronger than she. It is an Irish weakness to keen and wail for ages over the dead past and its dead people, and our Queen has no such nationality to excuse her. The sentiment of the great world is with her, for the great world doesn't look below the surface, and the world calls it constancy, this backward look, which the keenest man who ever played the melody of life on many strings condemns thus, "Forgetting those things which are behind."

"The weather is responsible for some of the worst and the best things in my life," said a highly sensitive woman to me, with a look of self-condemnation. "Had it not rained that day I should never have become impatient, contradicted my chief, quarreled with my office chum and got dismissed, or rather dismissed myself sooner than be lectured. But it just dripped-dripped on my brain that morning, a mean, cold November rain. A woman shot herself that day; I don't wonder at it. A fog would kill me far sooner than a catastrophe. Don't you think so, dear?" It has rained a good many days without doing my spirits any harm; they aren't the sort which water weakens—not good potheen—in fact, I like rainy days. It is fine days which I need to look out for—golden, glorious days when I forget the serious things of life, and am an elderly Eve in a queer old Garden of Eden. In this garden are limpid lakes edged with notices saying "Danger" on its verdant slopes there are signs, "Please keep off the grass;" down many a bosky path there points a finger to a cleft and hopeless notice, "No thoroughfare;" and the limpid lake is so limpid, and the green grass so green, and those dim, shaded walks so full of rest and peace that I am forever in terror lest the Old Eve, which is not half so dead as the Old Adam, no matter how good one tries to be, may forget about the sign-boards and go rampaging as she may have done in some antediluvian existence. The meanest sign of all is "Forbidden to pluck flowers," which is so hard to obey that one must turn away from even looking at them. It is hard to live circumspectly at noon-time in this queer garden of Eden, what must it be like when the shadows hide the sign-boards, and the moon peeps at one through clematis and honeysuckle, and some murmur from the hidden stream or song from the bowered nightingale tells over and over all the joys of life, and love, and trust, and happiness? Truly the weather becomes a factor then that gives a new answer to the sun! And Eve, who may have mislaid her modern green goggles and ear-trumpet, sees and hears clearly, and from

The Religious Play.

Pick-Me-Up.



Curate—Er—have you two good pews—seats, I mean—for tomorrow night?

her heart comes an answer that her lips are trained not to speak, and for her there is nothing but a swift run to the gate of the garden, and prayer to that Angel with the flaming sword, "Let me out." Outside are the dusty road, the stuffy houses, the car tracks, and a faint sweet perfume floats after poor old Eve through the gates, but outside, my masters, it is easier living than in the garden where those sign-boards be!

LADY GAY.

Making a Knight of It.

IN Chambers's Journal, Sir Richard Tangye, F.R.G.S., tells how to live through the ceremony of being knighted. In company with several other gentlemen who were destined to the same distinction, Sir Richard went down to Windsor, where, at the station, carriages were waiting to convey them to the castle. There, soon after, they were served with a cold collation and "an excellent hot rice pudding and dessert." After luncheon they were marshalled in a room adjoining the queen's audience-chamber. Sir Richard continues:

Her Majesty, being now ready to receive us, we were ushered into her presence one at a time. My turn was twelfth; hence one of my friends has dubbed me the Twelfth Knight. The query took me to the door of the apartment, and then left me.

The Queen was seated at the end of the apartment opposite the door. Behind her the ladies-in-waiting were arranged in a semi-circle, some of the princesses being on her left, and the lords-in-waiting and the Duke of York on her right.

On entering I gave my "best bow," and advancing a few steps, stopped and bowed again, when I was introduced to Her Majesty—my name was pronounced wrongly; another bow on closely approaching her, and then dropping on my left knee I extended the right hand, back uppermost. The Queen laid her right hand—a very little, plump one—upon mine, and I kissed it.

Then she took a sword—deadly moment!—and smote me, ever so gently, on my left shoulder, saying in very low, sweet and soft tones, "Rise, Sir Richard!" and I became a "dubbed" knight, but not a "beted" one, as nowadays knights have to find their own belts. Then came a very difficult part of the ceremony: I had to retire from the presence backward. I was somewhat doubtful how I should perform this retrograde movement. I remembered the Mayor of Truro, who, having presented an address to the Queen on board her yacht in Falmouth Harbor, walked backward on her right.

On entering I gave my "best bow," and advancing a few steps, stopped and bowed again, when I was introduced to Her Majesty—my name was pronounced wrongly; another bow on closely approaching her, and then dropping on my left knee I extended the right hand, back uppermost. The Queen laid her right hand—a very little, plump one—upon mine, and I kissed it.

However, I stepped back a pace, and, having steadied myself, bowed; then another half a dozen paces, bowing again, and after repeating the operation once more, to my great relief, found myself at the door.

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His Nearest Neighbor.

Youth's Companion.

An excellent and pertinent suggestion was that one made by an old Quaker lady to a grumbling man. The man had formerly lived near the Quakeress, and from his boyhood had been in the habit of finding fault with his neighbors, their ways of living, their speech and ideas.

He moved to another town, and on his first return to his birthplace called on his Quaker friend, who had to listen to a catalogue of the faults of his new neighbors. She spoke as soothingly as possible, but her words produced no effect.

In the course of five years the man's business led him to make a second move, and on his next visit to his native town the old Quakeress was again favored with a call.

"How does thee like thy new home, William?" she asked.

"Oh, the town's all well enough," said the man, in his usual complaining tone, "but the people are queer. I can't get along with them. They're not what I call good neighbors. I wish to the land I could find somebody that was the kind to live near. It seems strange, with living

The Religious Play.

Pick-Me-Up.

somewhat obstinate young dame of more than ordinary intelligence.

TEDDY.—1. What are you to do, child? Why, don't worry over him. Take what you like; if you can't, take what you can get. That's the secret of happiness, don't you know? A "great friend" who doesn't have "anything to do with other girls, and hasn't a cent," would probably hesitate to court you under the last named drawback. Don't bother about him, and don't be in such a hurry—life is long. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of affection, some snappy and considerable self-consciousness. You are bright, perceptive and fond of praise, but rather a dear girl all the same. Neat and dainty surroundings suit you, and you love pretty things.

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Studio and Gallery

The committee having charge of the collecting of the pictures for the Industrial Exhibition are busily engaged in bringing their arrangements to completion. An effort is being made to constitute the art exhibit the best possible, and worthy of the year of Jubilee. With this and the display of paintings in the Normal School, and the permanent exhibition of the Woman's Art Association, our distinguished visitors from the Continent will see a fair sample of Canadian painting. The Industrial Exhibition Association have promised the Ontario Society of Artists to color and decorate the walls of the Art Gallery, so that the pictures sent will probably be seen to much better advantage than in former years. The public are to have the pleasure of viewing some of the work of the best English landscape painters, Messrs. Yund King, Edwin and Claude Hayes, Ernest Parton, and others. F. A. Verner, of the Ontario Society, now residing in England, intends contributing also. The pictures by E. Parton and the one by C. Hayes, Saved, received a medal at the World's Fair Exposition. Mrs. Schrieber, R. C. A., Springfield-on-Credit, has promised some of her largest and best works. It is very manifest, therefore, that this year's display will be superior in every respect to that of former ones.

Another of those munificent gifts for the public weal and uplifting which are devised by liberal souls and which send forth a fragrant aroma all the world over and leave it better and brighter, is the National Gallery of Art, presented by Mr. Henry Tate to the British people. This beautiful building, recently opened by the Prince of Wales, cost considerably over £100,000, and provision has been made by the donor for its further extension if necessary. It stands on the site of the old Millbank prison, and it is said the general effect, externally and internally, is worthy of unstinted praise. Mr. Tate has also presented sixty-five pictures by artists many of whom are still living; these occupy one section. A second is devoted to pictures by artists born since 1790, removed from the National Gallery. The Royal Academy has also transferred the Chantrey pictures, hitherto hung at South Kensington. Another little room is devoted wholly to the "ideal" works of Mr. G. F. Watts presented by him to the nation.

The collection of paintings gathered together at Earl's Court, London, recently, was intended to be of a retrospective character, and to give some idea as to those who have been the leading British artists of this Victorian era so far, what their distinguishing characteristics, and what they have contributed to art in this period. There is now a chance for some gifted art historian to tell us what has been the progress and development of art in Britain in Victoria's reign—not that we anticipate or desire any speedy termination of that great and good reign. Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, Maddox-Brown, Walker, Mason, Millais, Henry Moore, Swan, Orchartson, Lavery and Guthrie are names of those most prominent, though all these have not been represented at this retrospective gathering. In Macaulay's day England was said to be behind her neighbors in art. What is her relative position in the present day?

Wood carving, that oldest of all imitative arts, and to which comparatively little attention is given in the present day, is a very interesting and difficult study. The Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Chinese, Dutch, Norwegians, Spanish, and particularly Italians, gave much

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She—I believe that neither of your typewriter girls has taken a holiday this summer. He—No. There is a good looking young fellow in the office, and neither of the girls is willing to go away and leave the field to the other one.

attention to it, and many fine specimens of the work of some of these peoples are still to be seen, notably, the pulpit of the Nieuwe Kerk at Amsterdam; the pulpit in St. Paul's, Antwerp; a statue in the church of St. Nicolas at Stockholm; some buildings from four hundred to seven hundred years old on the estate of King Oscar II. of Norway: the palace of the Alhambra in Spain; the pulpit of St. Etien du Mont, Paris. Donatello and the great Michael Angelo both worked in wood. It is a study, indeed, to become acquainted with the woods best suited for carving and how best to manipulate them. A lovely piece of carving, in white wood is now on view at H. J. Matthews' Art Gallery, the work of W. N. McCormack. It is well worth inspection.

One picture which will ever stand out identified with the annals of the British Army and of this period particularly, is the battle-piece of Mr. Caton Woodville, For Queen and Empire, in which various types of home and colonial regiments are introduced. It has been on exhibition at Messrs. Graves' galleries, London, surrounded by several other military subjects by the same painter, already famous.

Messrs. W. E. Atkinson, A. C. Williamson and W. Smith of St. Thomas have spent some pleasant times together recently in Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Middleburg, midst old town halls, windmills and sand dunes, which abound in these districts. The party are now, however, pursuing different courses. Mr. Atkinson is in Devonshire near Tavistock, and Mr. Smith at Plymouth. We hope to see some of the beautiful and interesting scenes in which they have mingled.

Miss Amalia Kussner is making a name for herself amongst London portrait painters. In the short space of two years she has painted more than two score women of rank. All her sitters wear picturesque garments, which is no doubt one reason of her success.

That great statue of the great Columbus, erected by the great city of Chicago in commemoration of their great exposition, has been removed from the lake front where it stood, and there seems to be no intention of setting it up again. And it cost \$50,000! I wonder what was the matter with it—but of course it could not have been big enough. It is probably being enlarged.

JEAN GRANT.

Too Much Headache.

Under my left hand as I write lies a letter from which I shall quote two sentences, giving a paragraph to each:

"I was never free from headache for more than five years."

"I felt that life was not worth living."

The second sentence is so nearly a corollary from the first that it might well enough be omitted: still, we will let it stand. But why should mortal man have a continuous headache for five years? Yet this one had, he says, and we can't doubt it. What a long river of pain!

I wonder that both sensation and sanity were not drowned in it. Pain during waking hours to take the edge from all pleasure; pain during necessary sleep to prevent all happy dreams and to make self-forgetfulness impossible!

What a life! Indeed, it was not worth living! But, alas! we are sometimes obliged to accept worthless life as we accept a long visitation of bad weather. Yet, wait. Is that quite true? The weather, of course. But must one submit to unlimited physical distress? Let's think first, then answer.

Omitting what has been already cited, the letter runs thus: "Ever since I was sixteen years old I suffered from illness. Even if my appetite had not been poor, I should have been afraid to eat, as after every meal I had intense pain in the chest and a sense of deadness in the stomach, as though my body was making no use of the food.

"I was then residing at Ipswich, where I attended the hospital as an out-patient for two months, but got no better. I went from one doctor to another in hope some of them would know what ailed me and how to cure it. One of them told me I had grown too fast and that my system was weakened. They gave me quinine, iron tones and other medicines, but it was of no use. And this doctoring was expensive, as everybody knows who has had a cold.

"Many a pound it cost me, which I should have been blithe enough to spare if only the money had brought me health. But no; it was wasted; it went for nothing; the money was gone and the pain and illness remained.

"I had no hope of getting better, for hope must rest on something, and I had nothing for it to rest on. By this time, I was so weak, nervous and depressed in spirits that I lost the common instincts of a social being; I wanted no company, no talk."

Luckily for our good friend the information he needed came to him through his eyes, not through his ears. The printed page, to one whose head aches, may not look like a flower garden, but it is better than the lack of tones. Some one had left a book at the house. Mr. Aldous picked it up and read in it a description of his disease, and the name of the remedy—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

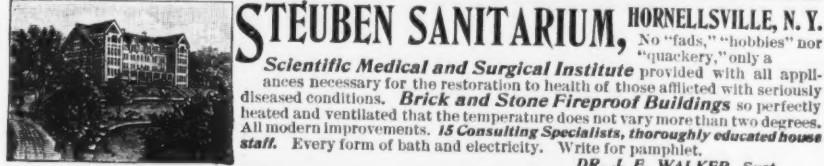
"I sent for the Syrup," he says, "and after taking it a few days I felt somewhat better. Therefore I continued to take it, improving gradually; and by the time I had used eight bottles I was completely well, and have ever since been strong and robust. I can now eat

If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties:

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any kind of food, and never have the slightest pain. Your medicine has given me a new lease of life, and so I tell all my friends. (Signed) H. E. Aldous, 14 Tuscan road, Plumstead, near London, January 3, 1894.

"I am new to the world, and this mistake. And, as Mr. Aldous is yet a young man, we may hope it will prove a long lease also. The clouds have drifted by, and with a clear brain he now perceives how needless was that fearful headache of his, and the other aches bound up with it. His nerves were rattled and his blood poisoned with the products of non-digested food; life transformed into death; blessing turned into bane; dyspepsia. The famous remedy he names reversed this blasting process and dispelled its evil results. Hence he now finds life worth living. And for how many, how very many, has it not done the same kindly thing!"

No wonder they speak of it to their friends. Happiness will sing and talk. And, save for aches and pains, most of us would be happy.

His Terrible Partner.

A porter in a railway station, with an eye to business, carried the grip of a somewhat seedy-looking lawyer to a car, and finding himself about to be dismissed with a "Thank you," civilly remarked: "Beg pardon, sir, but me and my mate are partners, and if he asks me what you gave, what shall I say?" The lawyer said nothing, but gave him a dime.

Next Day.

Retired Merchant (to one of the boys, who has been a drummer)—Ah! Are you a knight on the road yet?

One of the boys—Well, I d'no, it's sometimes morning before I get home!

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?" "There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl. "But I suppose women will go on kissing one another, just the same."

Cleverton—Miss Brisk has thrown Jack Shooksmith overboard. Askins—How do you know? Cleverton—Why, when I asked him last night, how the affair was progressing, he told me it was none of my d—d business—Puck.

"There's a thief in the house!" she yelled positively. Accordingly they rose and searched; and they found that the noise she heard was made by the gas-meter; and woman's intuition was again vindicated.

"I seem to have lost all hold on him," she wailed. "The other married lady looked sympathetic. 'You are not running,' she asked, 'to his having shaved off his whiskers?'"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

FREE FROM DISEASE.

THE DOCTOR SAYS SO.
MR. FISHER SWEARS SO.
KOOTENAY DID IT.

Mr. Jacob Fisher, who is employed by the Niagara Falls Paper Co., of Niagara Falls, N.Y., suffered for a long time from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. He took Kootenay Cure, and now is perfectly free from disease. He has been examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland, who declares him in "a perfect state of health, and free from any disease." Mr. Fisher himself made a sworn declaration as follows: "I am the same person examined by Dr. J. H. Sutherland. For over a year I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Scrofula and blood disorder. I commenced taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and now I am free from all blood disorder, Rheumatism, Scrofula and skin diseases, and my cure was effected solely by the use of the above named remedy."

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Music.

Mr. Floersheim, the Berlin, Germany, correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier*, declares that notwithstanding occasional feelings of scepticism in previous years, this year's Bayreuth performances again convince him of the "unapproachable and unrivaled superiority of the Bayreuth performances over anything that is offered anywhere else in the way of Wagner reproductions." He notices a falling off in the attendance of Americans and English and a corresponding increase in the number of French pilgrims. Whatever may be said concerning French opposition to Wagner's music, it is certain that the French musicians are not now to be classed among the Wagner-phobists. As Mr. Floersheim says, "they have caught the fever at last, and they have it most seriously." It is now stated that a Wagner theater is to be erected in Paris on the Bayreuth plan. Much of the success of this year's performances is attributed to the fact that Conductor Seidl took the reins of government into his own hands and was not afraid to assert himself against the dictation of Frau and Herr Siegfried Wagner. It appears as if the persistent criticism of leading German papers is beginning to have its effect at last, and that Madame Wagner, the "High Priestess," is coming to her senses. As in previous years, the attendance at each performance taxed the seating capacity of the theater. As a retort to that portion of the German press which has been hostile to the management of Bayreuth, Siegfried Wagner is reported to have said some stirring things about German music, the Germans, and the attitude of German music schools towards Wagnerism. He gives some hard raps and is said to have made the statement that the French have always been the most zealous adherents of Bayreuth. Mr. Floersheim, however, states that "the musical element which had been the original mainstay of these festivals is gradually retrograding as the social and fashionable frequency is on the increase. They were the original small and exclusive circles that the Wagner stone had set in motion in the musical pond. As the circles grew larger and larger on the outside, the inside circles are gradually lost, surely weakening, and may soon disappear. Some few staunch adherents like Rummel, Krause, Dr. Schoeneich, the Ibachs and a few others remain faithful. I even notice that people begin to dress for the performances, and perhaps it won't be long before the obnoxious swallow-tail coat, kid-gloves, stove-pipe, as well as white choker become *de rigueur* at Bayreuth. Instead of the musicians, the artists of the dramatic stage have begun to flock hither." Mr. Floersheim evidently does not believe that Bayreuth is a reliable barometer of Wagnerism in Germany. Another writer predicts that "as Wagnerism spreads there will be little use for Bayreuth. It has had its day and has served a good purpose, but, barring *Paris*, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and other cities now give equally good performances of Wagner's other works."

We have grown accustomed, in the "Colonies," to the frequent expressions of amusement emanating from the brains of editors of the musical journals of the Old Land at little inconsistencies and crudities which they fancy they discover from time to time in the musical doings of the younger countries. Some of the fossils who preside over the grandmotherly musical journals of the Motherland, who shed tears of gladness as they count the numbers of Mus. Docs. and Mus. Bacs. manufactured yearly over the seas, and who, furthermore, seem to fancy that the musical future of the world is dependent upon "examinations" conducted by the "Royal" this, or the other, will be thrown into convulsions by the revelations made by an English newspaper concerning some recent awful happenings over there. It is difficult to believe, but we have it in black and white, (and what more can we desire?), that in the columns of the London *Standard*, in an announcement of the Hereford Musical Festival, it was stated "that on the evening of September 15, a performance would be given of a work entitled 'Eliza'." No wonder that the journal drawing attention to this terrible affair should solemnly declare that "no musician could undertake to write with so prosaic a title." What would we say in this "Colony" were a leading paper to speak of one of Tchaikowsky's greatest works as the "Sympathy in B minor"? Yet this awful thing occurred right in London. An English writer states that this and other frequent catastrophes of the kind "at 'ome" suggest that "Dr. Saint-Saens' opera, Samson and Delilah, should be performed in England under the title 'Samuel and Jemima'." Now, this is truly and simply appalling. In our last week's issue attention was drawn to the threat of the Royal College of Music, London, Eng., to institute its "examinations" in "British Columbia and Canada." Let us hope that we may be spared this infliction, if a campaign in this country should result as disastrously for us as the operations of some of these examining bodies in the Older Land.

Yorkshire choruses have long enjoyed the reputation of being the best in the world, of being unapproachable in quality of tone and in other points which aid in producing brilliant choral effects. Not even the great London choruses, such as the Royal Albert and other oratorio societies, can equal the singers from Leeds, Huddersfield, Halifax, and other points who make up the splendid body of choristers at the Leeds festival. The following extract, from a letter written by a Yorkshire soprano who sang at the recent Handel Festival in London, is interesting as furnishing a comparative estimate of London and Yorkshire choruses, from the point of view of one accustomed to the quality of work generally heard in Yorkshire. In the concluding part of the letter, giving the experiences and impressions of the visiting soprano, she says: "And now I come to a delicate part, and that is the contrasting of the Yorkshire chorist with the Londoner. I have heard over and over again glowing criticisms of the singing heard in the broad acre shire; but not until that great rehearsal did I fully appreciate all the compliments showered on us. The London singers are very good readers,—but, oh, the tone that they produce is so tame. It sounded

to me like singing with the life taken out of it. Then, again, the London singers have no daring,—or, perhaps, a better word would be 'initiative.' Hardly ever did I hear a lead given out confidently; they preferred to wait and follow some one else: which contrasted strongly with the promptness of attack that is so general in Yorkshire. But that which most astonished me was the lackadaisical behavior of some of the singers. Supposing a chorus opened with a fugue, they would calmly take a seat until their entry was due; then they got up and sang. And this was not at the rehearsal!"

I am requested by a correspondent to define the term "amateur." Webster's simple definition embodies in very few words, a definition which it seems difficult to improve upon, viz., "Amateur—One who cultivates a study or art without pursuing it professionally." Mendelssohn, in speaking of amateurs, made the following interesting, although—in some respects—rather severe remarks: "Amateurs give us so much trouble because they are creatures of twofold character; necessary and useful, when with a sincere interest they combine unassuming reticence but contemptible, and to be disparaged, when they are bloated with vanity and conceit, anxious to push themselves forward and give advice. There are few artists whom I respect more than a first-rate amateur, and there are few that I respect less than a second-rate one."

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the clever music critic of the New York *Times*, in a lecture on The Music Critic—What He Is and Why He Is, makes the following amusing but strong defence of his much-abused profession: "I now come to the consideration of certain charges against amusement critics which, in the minds of managers, actors, and musicians, are extremely grave. The first of these can be dismissed very briefly. It is the charge that the critics do not always sit out the performance. The accusation is true. They do not. They would be altogether too stupid for daily journalism if they did. The final answer to this censure of the critics was made by Mr. William Winter, when he said: 'It is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad.'

Attention is directed to the professional class of Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, the well known soprano and vocal teacher, who opens a private vocal studio in the Yonge street Arcade on September 1. Miss Smart was a pupil of the late Madame Seiler, and more recently of Mr. Edward Hayes of New York, principal of the School of Vocal Science. She has received an appointment on the vocal staff of St. Margaret's College, where she begins teaching on the opening of the fall term. Applications for instruction should be addressed to Room U, Yonge street Arcade, where personal interviews and voice examinations can also be arranged for.

In reply to an enquiry which has been received at this office, I would say that SATURDAY NIGHT cannot mention, as a special recommendation, the name of any individual teacher in voice culture. As such enquiries are constantly being received, I would say that by consulting the advertising columns on this page a list including the names of most of the leading musicians in various branches of instruction may be found, from which a choice may safely be made by any who contemplate taking up the study of music.

The word "cycle," says the London *Musical News*, "is familiar to all musicians in the sense of a series of operatic performances. More especially is it familiar in connection with the Wagnerian performances at Bayreuth. The word, however, has another much commoner meaning. A contemporary states that a report as to the Prince of Wales attending some of the performances at Bayreuth was sent by a press-cutting association to a cycling periodical."

It is stated that when Mr. Frederick W. Root of Chicago can gain a few months' respite he intends to write a history of music in America. The best we have now, he says, should be entitled The Story of German and Italian Music Performed in America Under the Direction of Foreigners.

Miss Frances World, the popular mezzo-soprano, whose great success at the combined band concert given at the Armories last October will be remembered, left for the Pacific coast on Monday last on an extended concert tour.

The Guildhall School of Music, London, Eng., which enjoys the distinction of having the largest attendance of any music school in the world, is being enlarged at a cost of \$100,000.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, who has been spending the past month at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, returns to the city in a few days.

Moderato.

Cholly—Those bathing beauties appear to have the most profound respect for men. Chudleigh—Why so? Cholly—Well, whenever a man comes in sight they all stand uncovered.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART . . . SOPRANO . . .
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

11

Social and Personal.

Monday last being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. McConnell's wedding, the guests at the Peninsular Park Hotel on Lake Simcoe determined to celebrate it right royally. After croquet in the morning, all interest was centered on the baseball match, ladies vs. gentlemen, and in order that the fair ones should not be at a disadvantage, the gentlemen agreed to don skirts. Not satisfied with this, however, some of the sterner sex appeared in most becoming blouses and bewitching hats. The agility and grace displayed by the wearers of the unusual costumes excited the admiration and wonder of the audience on the veranda, and a hearty round of applause greeted Mr. Lowndes as he made a grand hit to the out-field and skinned gracefully along, until he got tangled up near third base, when an accurate throw knocked his best bonnet over his nose and placed him on the retired list. Mr. Wilson followed, and after fanning the air twice in his desperate endeavors to get on to Miss May McConnell's curves, he sent a beauty straight for Miss Helen Cragg, but as that young lady was engaged in a momentary flirtation with one of the enemy and neglected to close her hands until the ball had passed through them, the umpire promptly fined her ten dollars and costs. Dr. Frank McConnell, whose attenuated skirt gave him an advantage, made a run in good style, followed by Mr. Fred Cragg with a home run, which was greeted with cheers. Mr. Cordingley's second ball went sailing high into the air, and was beautifully caught by Miss Rae Fuller. This made two out, and runs were few and far between. Then Mr. L. Bolster, who was looked upon as the "Casey" of the team, strode up to the plate and took his stand with a "do or die" look. His first attempt resulted in the pulling out of two safety-pins. After this damage had been repaired he endeavored to knock the ball into the lake, but instead it shot over his head and was nicely caught by Miss Flo Lowndes. The fielding of the ladies was excellent, Miss Ada Lowndes, Miss Flo McConnell, Mrs. Cordingley, Miss Briggs and Miss Helen Cragg all doing capital work. At the bat the ladies did wonders, and in spite of the efforts of the battery composed of veterans like Mr. Lowndes and Mr. Fred Cragg, and expert fielders, the runs came fast. At the end of the eighth innings the score stood 18 to 20 in favor of the ladies. In the ninth innings the men added two more runs and tied the score, but by strong batting, aided by a wild throw, and an inexcusable error on the part of Mr. Jack Alley, who tumbled down and lost the ball in his skirts, the ladies piled up three more runs and won the match, a result that was greeted with much applause. At 3:30 bowling on the green commenced, and many exciting matches were played until the finals were reached, when Miss Flo Lowndes and Mr. Walter Cragg defeated Mrs. Fred Cragg and Mr. Wilson, winning the prizes after a very close contest. In the evening dancing was indulged in, refreshments being provided through the kindness of Mrs. McConnell. This ended a most enjoyable day at this charming summer resort.

Mrs. A. Moir Dow of St. Patrick street is summering at Lakeview House, Jackson's Point.

The victorious Argonauts have stuck another feather in Miss Toronto's hat by their fine showing at Philadelphia. In fact, Miss Toronto has this year as many feathers as a full-fledged Indian chief, and is developing quite an opinion of herself. Modesty, indifference or lack of self-esteem has kept her often from her proper dues, but times are changing.

A correspondent from Rhode Island writes that she has been much struck with the lack of resemblance in a portrait published in the New York Tribune of August 17, purporting to be that of our Governor-General. The portrait is really that of Professor William Ramsey, the discoverer of terrestrial helium, and Lord Aberdeen's picture is in another part of the paper. The tags got mixed on the exhibits, voila tout!

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny were at home at Rohallion yesterday afternoon in honor of the members of the British Association.

Miss E. Cummings of Gaylord, Mich., is the guest of Mrs. Patterson, Bleeker street.

Mrs. James Carruthers and Miss Bess Holford returned from Muskoka on Tuesday, and have much enjoyed their summer at Port Sandfield.

Mrs. Herbert Perley, a brilliant Ottawa woman, returned Tuesday from Muskoka and left for Ottawa Thursday night.

Mrs. G. Allen Case and Miss Essie Case have been spending a holiday at Windermere and returned on Monday.

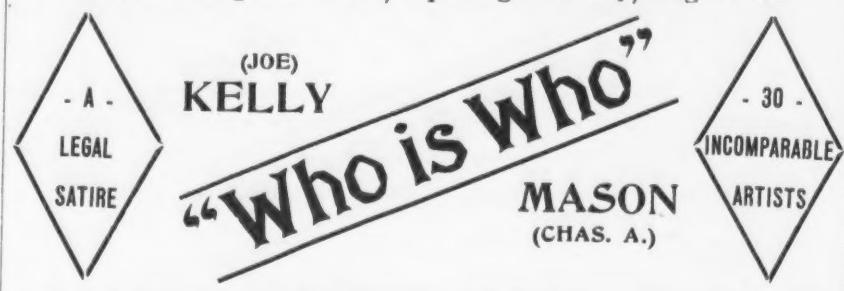
Mrs. Mackenzie and her family returned from a visit in the country this week.

A large crowd went over on the boats to Niagara on Saturday, including many smart people who dreaded a hot Sunday in town. I noticed Mrs. Eber Ward, who has been a good deal over at the Queen's Royal during her Canadian visit this summer.

List of guests at Viamede, Mount Julian, Stony Lake: Mrs. A. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Soper, Mrs. Irving D. Booth, Mr. Irving D. Booth Jr., Mrs. Horace C. French, Miss Ernestine G. French, Elmira, N.Y.; Rev. H. D. Lindsay, D.D., Mrs. Lindsay, Misses Mary and Lily Lindsay, Messrs. Griffith and Robert Lindsay, Pittsburgh; Mr. A. M. Dymond, Miss Hilda Gregory, Toronto; Miss Maud Weir, Brantford; Miss Helen Dutcher, Miss May Bragdon, Miss Mary McArthur, Rochester; Miss Edith M. Joiner, Genesee, N.Y.; Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Pond, Miss Irene Pond of Pittsburgh; Miss Dymond of Brantford; Rev. F. H. Hartley, Mr. J. W. Binnie, Miss Binnie, Mr. S. F. Hazelwood of Toronto; Mrs. Charles Barnes of Syracuse; Mrs. H. R. Barnes of Port Hope; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Clarke, Mr. Norman Clarke, Mrs. Leyburn, Miss Pamphilon of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reed of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. Theron Gibson, Miss Jessie Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Boomer,

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Guests at Graham Gem in Viamede Park, Mount Julian, Stony Lake: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forgie, Miss Edith Forgie, Miss Ella Carruthers, Mr. Robert Christie, Mr. John Christie, Mr. Harrison Minokar, Rev. John Orr, Miss Minnie Reesick of Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Ida Bell of Lakefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten went to the sea-side last week for a short holiday.

Mr. George Stimson is back from England the picture of health, and recounting many a good time in London and elsewhere.

Mrs. James Hardy and Master Arthur Hardy of 30 Madison avenue are summering at Port Sydney, Muskoka.

Col. Sir G. A. Hochped-Larpent, Bart., half pay, late of the Connaught Rangers, has been selected to succeed Col. G. A. Lee in command of the 16th Regimental District, Bedford, on September 1. Sir G. Larpent entered the army on November 21, 1865, and became Colonel July 1, 1895, on which date he was placed on half pay on the termination of his period of command of the 1st Battalion Connaught Rangers. He served with the 8th Regiment throughout the Kaffir war, 1877-78, and the Zulu war, 1879. (Medal with clasp).

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart are home again at 409 Markham street. They spent a short time on the picturesque island of St. Elmo in Muskoka, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill of Bracebridge, and in Detroit with Rev. A. M. Knott, C.S.D., and attended the reopening of the Christian Science church in that city.

Professor Fitzgerald of Trinity College, Dublin, arrived at Chudleigh on Wednesday for the meeting of the British Association.



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Social and Personal.

Dinners at the Hunt Club and Yacht Club have, this week, come in as handy modes of entertaining one's friends, and at the same time showing some of Toronto's cosy corners and beauty-spots to very admiring visitors.

The Island Aquatic Association have put up a great programme on Long Pond, Center Island, for this (Saturday) afternoon's sports. A fine grand stand, barges, and no end of good races are promised. The canoe tandem, the swimming races and others have large entry lists, and some close contests are sure to take place. Lovers of aquatics and those who care to encourage a very hard-working management should not fail to attend.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been constantly kept busy during this very busy week. They will attend the garden party at the Grange on Monday afternoon and have shown up at several charming functions elsewhere. Rivermount is their home for this visit—a beautiful and quiet spot, and so easily accessible.

The window of Renfrew's is one big show of the trophies of the Argonauts, banners, medals, and silver cups.

Captain and Sentry.

Colonel Baden-Powell has written a history of the Matabele war, which tends to show that the severest discipline is not always maintained in outlying provinces, and that class distinctions are not forgotten there. On one occasion he found his way back to camp by the pipe-light of a Boer sentry. He owns that "at home" it might seem strange to talk of a sentry's pipe, but he goes on to say that in Africa smoking is not a serious offence. Thus he illustrates one phase of the question:

A colonial volunteer officer, hearing of the English army orders on the subject, thought he would freshen up his own men a bit. So, finding one of the night sentries smoking, he ordered him to consider himself a prisoner.

"What!" said the man, "not smoke on sentry? Then where am I to smoke?"

"Of course it's not allowed," repeated the captain, "and I shall make you a prisoner."

The sentry took his pipe from his mouth and tapped the captain's arm with the stem of it. The captain, be it remembered, was, in time of peace, the sentry's butcher.

"Now, look here, Brown," said the smoker, "don't go and make a fool of yourself. If you do, I'll go elsewhere for my meat."

From what happened next, it is to be presumed that Brown did not lose his customer.

Trusty Servant.

"In the Land of an African Sultan, Walter B. Harris describes the traits of Selim, a servant fully devoted to his master's interests. An incident in illustration is cited.

I had been telling a story, half from imagination, half from an old fable. The men had listened in breathless silence.

"Is it true?" one of them asked.

Before I had time to say anything, Selim had given the answer.

"Yes," he said, "it is true."

"How do you know?" asked one.

"Because I was there and saw it all," responded Selim.

I was staggered. I had exaggerated the story, which was not true at all, and was rather proud of the effect it had produced on the men, but Selim's ready lie took my breath away.

Not From Heaven.

Thirty years ago a steamer which was about to make its first passage from one Southern city to another was the scene of an evening reception, at which a calliope played an important part.

It was the first instrument of the sort which had ever been heard in that region, and as its peculiar, far-reaching notes floated out on the evening air, the breasts of a large part of the colored population were filled with alarm. Many were the conjectures as to the source from which the unearthly sound proceeded.

One old darky stood listening in silence for some time in his doorway, not far from the scene of the festivities. At last he spoke in encouraging tones to the frightened group gathered near the little house.

"I tell you what," he said slowly, "I don't b'lieve dat man Gabriel a-playing on his tramp; but if it am Gabriel, he's playing Wait for de Wagon, sure dis chile's got ears!"

The Golfer's Scorn.

Brooklyn Life.
First Golfer—Did you hear about Weever? He's learning to play lawn tennis.

Second Golfer—He must be paying an election bet.

Couldn't Walk.

All are not soldiers who wear a uniform, as General Lew Wallace found out at Fort Donelson.

He saw four soldiers carrying a fifth, who seemed to be wounded.

"Can't that man walk with assistance?" asked Wallace.

"Oh, no," said the men; "he is dying."

Just then a shell exploded near by and the four men dropped their burden and fled. The man who was supposed to be wounded leaped to his feet and ran even faster than the others.

"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum. I'm what they call a pioneer. I struck thirty years ago, and I've never give in yet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

He—When I married you I believed you to be an angel. She—You seem to consider me so still, and that is the reason you buy me nothing to put on.

"Talking of rich strikes," said Professor Bob Fitzsimmons, after a casual glance at his bank account, "I still think that one right over the solar plexus is about as good as any."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Askins—What kind of an alarm-clock have you? Hennepin—My wife's elbow.—Puck.

"Our landlady had to lower the dining tables three inches." "Why did she do that?" "Nearly all the boarders are searchers."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I want to say this," shouted John Jing, "as a State in the great galaxy of common-

wealths Hawaii will simply be a Jim dandy!" "You bet," echoed Hon. Rousier Down, "a regular Hono-lulu!"—*Philadelphia North American*.

Customer—You remember you sold me this coat yesterday? You said you would return the money if it wasn't satisfactory. Clothing Merchant—But, my dear sir, it was quite satisfactory; I never had better money as dot in all my life.—Puck.

Old Lady—This must be a very healthy place. Now, what may the death-rate be? Grave-digger—Wonderful steady, m'm—wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.—Sketch.

"I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompkins, glaring fiercely at his wife. "Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompkins, sweetly; "it couldn't come on so badly all in two years,"—*Tit Bits*.

Miss Grubbs declares her girl friends can't deny her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight." "That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne; "she saw him first."—*Washington Star*.

Doctor—if you must know, ma'am, your husband won't live twenty-four hours. "Goodness gracious!" ejaculated the broken-hearted but economical woman, "and here you've gone and prescribed medicine enough for five days."

"Tit Bits."

Style's Caprices for Men's Comfort.

As Old Mercury settles down and Old Sol shows a disposition to be merciful, the natural questions evolved, from a clothing standpoint, are: What to wear, what is going to be stylish, and who shall be the man to make the garments needed? Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, can justly claim first place in giving you the answers. His splendid range of new imported woolens are being received this week. In overcoatings there is an abundance of soft diagonal goods, which will place the old standbys—meltons and beavers—a little on the off-style order this season, although they will continue to be worn to some extent. For business suits, sack styles, of course, keep the floor, and while the changes in styles are not radical, they are sufficiently marked to mark the man who does not live up to their dictates. Soft Scotch goods in plain and checks will be the popular things for these. Many of the nicest things come in single suit lengths. A hint of what this means to the man who would like first choice—pick early.

A Delightfully Cool Hotel.
Visitors to the city during the heated term will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front, nearly opposite the Union Station entrance (the most modern hotel in the city—baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect summer home, under the personal management of the proprietor.

In Use Everywhere

**Why Not**

make your wife a present of a piano. You know she wants one. It is the wisest thing for a man to bring music into his home. It makes it happy, and drives care away. One of our pianos is a good investment.

Note These Bargains:
7½ octave Rosewood Upright by **Hallet & Davis**, Boston \$195
7½ octave Walnut Cabinet Grand Upright (Weber scale) \$210
7½ octave Fancy Walnut Upright by **Whaley, Royal & Co.** \$215
7½ octave Rosewood Walnut Upright by **D. W. Kern & Co.** \$245
7½ octave Mahogany or Walnut Upright by **Gerhard Helzerman** \$265

Call and inspect or write for particulars.

Gowlay, Twibor, Leuning

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Property for Sale**Prettiest Home in Parkdale**

Large lot. Fruits. Small payment. Balance easy terms.

Call at 72 West Lodge Avenue.

ESTABLISHED 1865

CHINA HALL
49 King St. East, Toronto**Wedgwood China**

We have just received a consignment of goods from this celebrated factory:

**Teapots, Sugars
Creams
Cups and Saucers
Jugs (all sizes)
Biscuits
Cheese Covers, Etc.**

JOSEPH IRVING, Importer**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.**

Births.

WALLACE—At Orangeville, on Aug. 16, the wife of William Wallace, editor of the *Dufferin Advertiser*, of a daughter.

MURISON—Aug. 14, Mrs. R. G. Murison—a son.

SHARP—Aug. 16, George Sharp, aged 68.

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